TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 51. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 2, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. Whole No. 1139.

THE FRONT PAGE

THE fact that Toronto is now receiving upward of half a million dollars annually as its share of the profits of the Toronto Street Railway Company is worrying the city's evening papers. The worry does not arise from the fact that the money is coming in, with a fair probability that the amount will continue to increase as time goes on, but it is the spending of it that is troubling them. It is the custom of the moment to turn these earnings over to the general fund, and thus lighten the burden of taxation to this extent. That there are objections to this system is generally admitted, for while a half million or so looms large when set aside for some specific purpose, it dwindles away amazingly when dumped into a general fund. Why then not lay aside these yearly earnings for the specific purpose of adding parks, playgrounds and possibly an additional library or two and an art gallery to the city? In the course of time that beautiful old residence, the Grange, with its surrounding acres, will come into the possession of the city, for it is now an open secret that the late Mrs. Goldwin Smith so provided in her will. This residence, a fine old English mansion, which has been standing for well-nigh a century, will become a public art gallery. In order to fulfil requirements, however, interior alterations will necessarily be extensive, for no one will dream, I hope, of touching the exterior design; and then will come the pictures with which to fill it, and a possible extension of the grounds.

At the moment Toronto has practically no public owned art, and the city has the unique distinction of being probably the only place of its size on the continent without a public art gallery. Good pictures are expensive, and poor ones are worse than none. So, if we are to have an art gallery worthy of the name, we must be prepared to spend a goodly sum of money upon it, aside from donations which will naturally flow in from time to time from wealthy and generous art lovers.

The Toronto Star and News both suggest that in place of the city taking the half million or so annually from the Street Railway, the fares be reduced to that extent, making possibly a flat three cent fare throughout the day. The plea put forward is that this would benefit a large class of people who are now either reluctant to expend a quarter for eight workman's tickets or who have not the necessary quarter to invest. This argument, it strikes me, is scarcely good enough. Eight rides for twenty-five cents, covering the hours when workmen and working women go to and from their daily tasks, meets present requirements fairly well, while I would be loath to consider that Toronto has reached that condition of destitution where the cash capital of a quarter dollar per individual cuts any large figure. On the other hand, the suggestion of eating up our good half million with lower fares would unquestionably meet with the approval of the Toronto Street Railway. It would, in the first place, leave in the T.S.R. treasury this half million of real money; and secondly, the extra traffic which would originate from the cheaper ticket, could be easily taken care of by the simple process of crowding us just a little closer.

Statistics recently dealt out by The News and Star go to show that about 50 per cent. of the car-riding public utilize hours covered by the workmen's tickets, but at the same time not over twenty per cent. of the fares collected are of the eight-for-a-quarter variety. The remainder are tickets good at all hours, with now and then a stray five cent piece. I take this to mean that either the patrons of the T.S.R. have more money to spend than they are generally given credit for, or else they are abnormally wasteful. In either event it would seem that the city might do better with its half million than present it to people, a large percentage of whom would not appreciate it in the least.

The major portion of citizens would, I take it, have far more faith in a concrete object lesson. Let them see something for their money. The benefits accruing from the cheaper fare would, from the standpoint of the public, be more a matter of bookkeeping than of fact. We would appreciate the cheaper rate just once a year; that is, when the annual report of the Toronto Street Railway is published in the newspapers and duly digested.

***

A MAN whom all the civilized world knew by the work he did, died in London the other day. The man's name was Robert Hoe, and he was the inventor and maker of the Hoe printing press. Do you ever pass a large newspaper office in the early morning or late in the afternoon without at least a glance at one of these mammoth pieces of mechanism, turning out newspapers at the rate of ten or twenty thousand per hour? A myriad of cogs and bars, cylinders and wheels, all working together with the precision and smoothness of the finest watch. Kipling in some of his stories has taken to pieces and put together intricate machinery in a manner so workmanlike that even the master mechanic has stood murmuring: "Where did he learn it all?" But Kipling at his best could not, even in a story, take to pieces or put together a modern Hoe press. A quarter of a century ago, or a little more, the old Hoe cylinder press was considered a marvel of ingenuity, but the printing press of our father's day was but a simple toy in comparison with the double sextuple and the double octuple presses of to-day. In mechanics it is the last word, and the late Robert Hoe of London and New York was its father.

***

A NICE problem in police ethics has been brought to public attention in the case of the woman over whom the awful charge of child-murder is now hanging. Her lawyer has been forced to appeal to the protection of the Court against the giving out by the Police Department of information likely to prejudice his client in the eyes of the public. And not only have the police given out damaging information, but they have gone so far as to state that they could positively prove her guilt and all the circumstances connected with it. They have, almost in so many words, declared their conviction that Mrs. Turner is guilty of child-murder; and have even indicated their suspicions that she has done away with other unfortunate babies besides the Authers child. In short, they have practically tried and settled the case out of court. To the layman—the person who is chosen to act on juries—it would seem that there only remains to decide on her punishment.

Now this sort of thing is indefensible. It is not only hideously unjust to a woman whose terrible position requires that the most exact and scrupulous justice should be meted out to her; but it also needlessly complicates the course of justice by making it extremely difficult to get an unprejudiced jury. The police authorities defend their action on the ground that the public has a right to know about an event of such general and acute interest, and also that the resulting publicity has been of great help in bringing to their attention information which they otherwise might not have received, as in the case of the alleged letters from people inquiring about children entrusted to Mrs. Turner. This brings up the point in police ethics to which I referred in beginning this article—the point of just what and how much the police are allowed to tell in a criminal investigation.

With regard to the right of the public in such a case to be put in possession of as much information as can be given to them with safety and justice, this has come to be generally recognized in these days of almost universal publicity. And no one recognizes it better than the general public itself, which clamors for information about any and every event that awakens its interest. It is the business of newspapers to meet this demand, and the paper which meets it most thoroughly, is the paper which gets the biggest circulation—a vital consideration since newspapers have given up raising public standards and have taken to raising their credit with bankers. The news-reading public and the news-giving papers are therefore as one in their desire to get from the police all the information and near-information they can. And the desire and the effort are both quite natural and entirely justifiable.

But what have the police the right to give? In the first place, common sense would dictate that they should not give any information that would injure their own case by putting criminals and their friends on their guard. This is an obvious principle, which a selfish regard for their own interests would urge the police to follow. And they generally do—as any reporter knows that has ever "covered" a big criminal case. But outside this there is a mass of information which they can give without injury to themselves, and even with a certain amount of credit as indicating the "well known skill and industry of the detective force." Furthermore, there is the ever present temptation to give opinions, to generalize on the facts at hand, even though these facts are often insufficient to warrant any extensive deductions. It is human to love to express views, especially on matters of keen general interest, and still more especially when such views will be "leaded-out" and given double-column "heads" in widely read newspapers. And the temptation is given additional force when it is presented by men skilled in the gentle art of making a man say more than his sober judgment would approve. But the whole thing is miserably unfair to the person or persons most concerned; and in such cases as the present the unfairness becomes a very grave injustice. A woman whose life possibly depends on the manner in which the charge hanging over her is met should certainly not have any of her chances diminished by the loquacity of garrulous police authorities. And the stronger the case against her, the greater should be the care exercised in this respect. The police may have a right to give out to the Press such well authenticated facts as they believe the public should know, or as they think would help their work if published; but they certainly have no right to draw deductions from these facts and express views which are strictly reserved by all law and custom and justice to the judge who presides at the trial. The neglect of this rule in the present case might well draw the censure of the Court, and arouse the indignation of lovers of fairplay.

***

COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N., might have been a hero. But Commander Robert E. Peary, U.S.N., has missed it by several degrees; not of latitude, but of ungentlemanly conduct.

Dr. Frederick Cook may have discovered the North Pole, but the deeper one delves into his claims the less likely is one to take the man seriously. For instance, the very fact that Dr. Cook palmed off as a record of his own recent achievements, photographs taken by a fellow explorer on the Peary relief expedition in 1901, certainly does not redound to his credit, particularly as he did not make any explanation regarding their use until brought face to face with the facts.

Whether Cook is an arch fakir or a real discoverer, however, is no excuse for Peary's actions in the Northland. Imagine a white man, alone in that frozen waste, a thousand miles perchance from any number of his race and kind, asking another white man the loan of a few dogs, or food or Eskimos to help him on his way, and having his requests refused. Imagine a man piling up supplies in that north country and then have a rival set a watch dog over it in the person of an ignorant boatswain.

Peary in all probability made his journey to the North Pole as claimed. Of this there is hardly a shadow of doubt; and this I am not endeavoring to disprove. Neither am I inclined to take the part of Dr. Cook in his contention to having reached the Farthest North. This is beside the question. What I do claim, however, is that Commander Peary has not by action or word justified his conduct toward a rival discoverer.

Harry Whitney, a hunter and chance acquaintance of Cook's, came across Peary in the Far North, and was taken on board the Roosevelt, but only upon the understanding that everything in Whitney's possession that belonged to Cook or had been a gift from Cook to Whitney must be left behind.

The charge has been made by certain of Peary's ex-shipmates, men who journeyed north with him on former voyages, that the Commander was an insufferable tyrant. With the recent facts before us, there appears to be excellent ground for the charges.

For the credit of the Anglo-Saxon race, one may well wish that the North Pole had never been discovered, and that both Peary and Cook had utilized their surplus energy in chopping wood or weeding the garden.

***

THE good people of Glengarry held a meeting the other day at Alexandria, at which it was resolved to organize a Highland Society for the purpose of keeping alive Gaelic traditions and language and encourage Glengarrians to retain the homes which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers cut out of the forests of Glengarry years ago.

It is the old story. The bold, strong man of to-day moves westward in much the same spirit as his forefathers sailed out from Scotland a century ago. To men of brawn, grit and red blood new lands appeal, and the depopulation of one section to fill up another has been the history of the entire North American Continent for two hundred years and more. From the land within sound of the Atlantic's waves went the men who opened up the Mississippi valley. From the New England villages journeyed the folk—Davy Crocket and the rest—who cut their way through forests and Indians into Kentucky. New York, Philadelphia, Boston and the country towns between furnished bone and muscle for California's pioneer days. From the Maritime Provinces the flow of good young blood has been tending westward for a generation, until now there are eastern centres in Canada with a population smaller than was the case a generation ago. The wander lust is in the blood of the Celt as it is in the Anglo-Saxon. The strong among them migrate with the precision of the wildfowl, but unlike the wildfowl, they nest in new places and return to their old homes no more.

***

THE idea that President Taft will be the Republican party's heavyweight champion for the year 1912 is now pretty well defined. In fact, even some of his own supporters attribute to this end his present "stumping" tour through the United States. So far Mr. Taft's speeches have been singularly lacking in explanations as to why the tariff was reduced upward; but if I mistake not, it will take even more than the President's broad smile to convince his people that the Republican party did what was expected of it. Theodore Roosevelt had his faults, as most men have, but he stood up to his ideas and his promises.

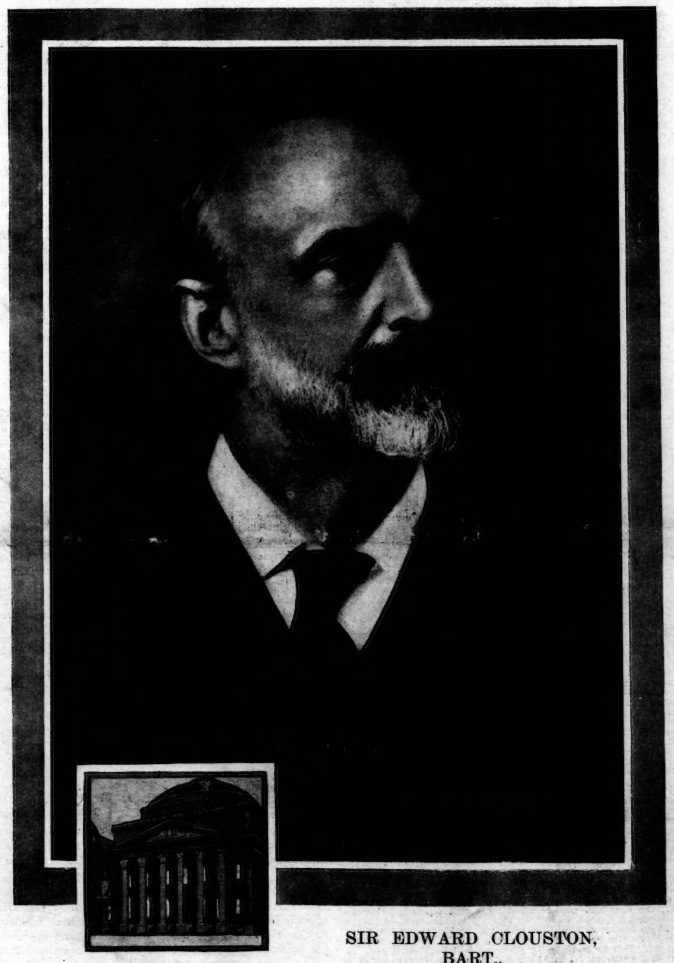
***

AS time presses, the British political situation refuses to clear itself. Premier Asquith and his colleagues are standing sternly by their guns. There will apparently be no compromise so far as they are concerned, while upon the other hand the advent of Lord Rosebery into the ranks of those opposed to the Lloyd-George Budget indicates a distinct feeling that the contest is not by any means so one-sided as it appeared to be a few weeks ago. A London paper describes Rosebery's denunciation of the Budget as brilliant and deadly. That it was brilliant there can be no question, but in the statement that it is deadly there is room to disagree. Lord Rosebery denounces the Budget, but he fails to suggest a substitute. He flirts mildly with the question of tariff reform, but fails signally to drive home the question as to whether the English people will or will not accept it. It is easy in this world to find fault with the things that are and will be, but it is not always so easy to suggest a remedy. As Mr. Asquith said at Birmingham, it is all very well to abuse the Budget and its authors, but neither nations nor individuals could live for any length of time on a diet of blood and thunder.

"There can be no doubt that a situation of the utmost gravity, which may easily develop into a state of Revolution, has arisen in the land," writes The London Nation. "The House of Lords is being urged by its friends to seize the supreme power in the Constitution. It is called on to set itself up above the Crown, which for two hundred years has ceased to exercise a veto on the acts of the responsible Government, and to aim at the destruction of the House of Commons in the historic function which the representative assembly has established after three hundred years of conflict with the Crown and with the aristocracy. This is Revolution."

In warning the Lords to keep its hands off, The Nation still further points out that interference by the Lords would dissolve the established theory and the continual unvaried practice of British Government. The Lords would by such action, it says, set up a state of war between the taxpayer and the taxing authority, and if such a course of action succeed, it must destroy Liberalism, and put an end to the party system, leaving Conservatism mainly faced by avowedly revolutionary forces. If it fails, the House of Lords must cease to exist.

Later despatches from England inform us that the general elections will likely be held in November, while December is put down as the latest date at all probable. The House of Lords has a month or a little less in which to decide what it will do with the Lloyd-George Budget. It is hardly likely, however, that lacking a mandate from



SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART.,

Vice-President and General Manager of the Bank of Montreal.

Sir Edward, it is reported, has been offered the Canadian High Commissionership in London.

the people, they will dare throw it out, no matter how dearly they would like to do so. There is apparently but one alternative, and that is for the Lords to postpone definite action on the Budget until after a general election. If the Asquith Government is as strong with the electors as it seems, then the Lords must be prepared to pay up or go out of business, or both.

⁂

It may interest readers of this journal to learn that the Saturday Night idea in journalism continues to grow. Twenty-two years ago, when Toronto Saturday Night was launched upon its career, the idea was absolutely unique, being conceived by a unique figure in newspaperdom, Edmund E. Sheppard. At that time Mr. Sheppard was at a crisis in his career. As editor of The News he had become involved in a number of libel suits, more or less disastrous. He became rather disgusted with the daily paper as a medium for his slashing comments on people and affairs, and began to wish for a journal of a distinctive character in which he could let loose his vigorous pen in his own way. So he founded Saturday Night, and became an exponent of personal journalism in Canada. The experiment succeeded, and it has transpired that the paper has become the accepted model of a new school of journalism not only in the Dominion, but in the United States.

If imitation is the sincerest flattery, Saturday Night has reason to be quite puffed up. The Detroit Saturday Night, The Vancouver Saturday Sunset, and the Winnipeg Saturday Post are all thriving journalistic children of this paper, frankly modelled after it, and following it as closely as possible in make-up and policy. And in various other cities in the Canadian West there are other weekly papers aiming to be Saturday Nights, although not following the model's style quite so successfully. Now comes the latest aspirant in imitation, The Duluth Saturday Night.

The question is sometimes asked whether Toronto Saturday Night is financially interested in any of these papers. It is not. They are children in spirit only. But the parent journal, which is beginning to feel quite venerable and fatherly, although, it trusts, as sprightly as ever, takes a very friendly interest in them all. May they ever prosper, and may they all hold fast to the principles of independence and anti-humbug to which these many years their dad has done his best to adhere!

⁂

It is now a question if the Government of Ontario has been altogether wise in its fulsome protection of the beaver. At least, it would appear that the time has arrived when a thinning out of these interesting but destructive animals is necessary not only in the interests of the farmer, who is suffering from the inroads of these dam builders, but for the sake of the timber which through their industry is being flooded and destroyed in the low lands.

A few days ago the cry came out of the wilderness that a family of beaver near Algonquin Park were cutting down the shade trees on a man's front lawn. This particular man could protect his precious shade trees by day, but unfortunately for him the beaver does not work when the sun is up. He does his wood cutting at night, and so this man, after "shooing" the pests off his property for a considerable period, was finally caught unawares and lost his trees in consequence. What happened to this gentleman's shade trees is by no means a rare occurrence among farmers, who in the vicinity of Algonquin Park are constantly bemoaning the loss of fruit trees through the industry of these pests.

Lumbermen and guides inform me that in Algonquin Park and to the west of the Park, many square miles of pine, too small as yet for the woodman's axe, but none the less the timber of to-morrow, is being killed in the lowlands by excessive flooding. Here, again, the blame for this condition is laid at the door of the mischievous beaver, who industriously dams and redams the creeks, spreading the water over a large territory, making stagnant, dirty swamps of land which would otherwise be sufficiently dry to grow excellent timber.

For sentimental reasons mainly we have protected the beaver, which is not a game animal, and whose fur is now of questionable value as compared with the otter and the mink, while the latter animal, who works and prowls during the day, in direct contradiction to the habits of the beaver, and an interesting creature withal, has been left to shift for himself. The consequence of this policy is that the mink has well-nigh disappeared from the province of Ontario. Why not, then, open the season for the killing of a moderate supply of both otter and beaver, and allow the strong arm of the law to render some degree of protection to the fast disappearing mink?

⁂

As a result of a few remarks I made the other day on the subject of clerical rebates, I have lately received letters from a clergyman and from a layman calling attention in more or less courteous fashion to the "error" under which I labored. These letters are published in the present issue. It is not my intention to engage in any controversy on a subject of this kind, where one's attitude is so liable to be misconstrued; but on account of the very difficulty of the matter, I feel bound to take this further opportunity of explaining my position. My reference to the question at all was due to my attention being called by an article of the Rev. Kenneth Forbes to what I have long had reason to regard as one of the factors in the prejudice against clergymen among certain classes of the people. And in spite of the statements of the clergyman and the other gentleman who have written me, I must still persist in that opinion. It may be quite true that the custom of clerical rebates is not so extensive now as it was once, and it may also be true that there are many clergymen who decline to take advantage of such opportunities for economy. This is especially the case in large centres, where the spirit of modern business would militate against it. But that the custom is still followed very extensively in the smaller cities and towns, I know for a fact, cases having come to my own personal knowledge. And even in the matter of transportation such concessions to the "cloth" are quite frequent. It is only ten or a dozen years ago that the railways had special rates for clergymen in this country. And though such rates have been abolished, it by no means follows that clergymen do not get special privileges in this respect. On the contrary, these privileges are being continually applied for by ministers, and are granted right along, as the records of any railway passenger department will show. And the same state of affairs exists even in the steamship companies. Some years ago it was decided that the special rates for clergymen should be abolished, but at the same time clergymen are constantly asking for concessions, and constantly getting them. I am now speaking of Canada. In the United States, with the extremely keen competition of the railways, the custom of giving clerical rebates is carried much further, as Rev. Mr. Forbes' article would go to prove. In fact, a special clerical rate was maintained on a certain section of a certain Canadian road until a few years ago, simply because it was in direct competition with a section of an American line which gave the rebates. When the American section came under Canadian management the custom was discontinued. It is for these reasons, and also on account of statements made by doctors and other professional men, that I believe the custom of clerical rebating to be still a very extensive one. And on the grounds I have already set forth, I furthermore believe it to be a serious menace to the influence of the clergy among what are called the "working classes."

The Colonel.

Clerical Rebating.

Editor of Saturday Night, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—In looking over Saturday Night of last week I noted an editorial paragraph on clerical rebating, with the general conclusions of which I most heartily agree, but the premises are entirely unfounded. You say, "That the average clergyman does not pay as much for what he buys as the average layman is a matter of common knowledge. He gets discounts on every side." This might have been written with some degree of truth fifty years ago, but is not applicable today. As a matter of fact, ministers do not receive discounts of any kind, but pay for what they purchase exactly as others. If you doubt this, send your reporter over to Eaton's and Simpson's; ask him to call at the butcher's, the baker's, the grocer's, and I venture to say the invariable reply to his inquiry will be: "We give no discounts to clergymen."

You declare that "the clergyman is given special rates on railroads and steamship lines." Kindly use your telephone; call up the Grand Trunk or Canadian Pacific ticket office and ask if this is really the case. The agent will undoubtedly tell you that ministers pay the same fare as all other travellers. The steamboat office will impart similar information. There may be rare exceptions, but I have reason to know that doctors and lawyers send their bills to the clergy, and these are paid without question. In all fairness, you will, I am sure, be willing to make this correction in the next issue of your paper.

Yours sincerely, A. C. CREWS.

Toronto, Sept. 27, 1909.

Ministerial Rebates.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Now and then I read a little in Saturday Night just to find out who are the subjects of its good natured banter it is so fond of flinging around. Last week's issue (Sept. 25th) contained a wonderful article on the Front Page re rebates and discounts to ministers. Kindly let me give you my experience in above matters and let me say that my experience in the premises is the experience of the great majority of the ministers of Canada. First and foremost, let me say that eight-tenths of all the ministers I know pay their taxes, water rates, groceries, dry goods, clothing, fire and life insurance, legal and medical fees, steamer, rowboat and railway fares just the same—no more, no less—than the public generally. Perhaps the other two-tenths may get a few rebates now and then, but when the exactions of their position are considered it would pay them better to pay full rates, the same as the equally burdened eight-tenths.

Now please give a little space in Saturday Night re what ministers give both in time and money, and let me say that after thirty-five years spent in the active gospel ministry, and a few years of active retirement I ought to know as much at least of ministerial rebates as even Saturday Night could tell me. Could Saturday Night tell us how much time, strength and money is given by ministers to those who have little or none of claim upon them? For instance, in visiting the sick, burying the dead, marrying the living, giving all the money they can to every worthy case presented, without fee or thanks? To illustrate one case will represent many I could give you. I know very well one of our county jail chaplains who preached the other Sunday to the prisoners. The next Monday morning he, the chaplain, was accosted by a just discharged prisoner who declared that he wanted to reach a distant point, but he had no money, so would the preacher pay his fare to the distant haven? The preacher did so and perhaps the money was well spent. This is one only of many cases I could give you.

Will Saturday Night kindly publish the above article just as a short offset to your article re rebates and discounts?

Barrie. BYSTANDER.

The Duke of Newcastle, whose family name is Henry Pelham Archibald Pelham-Clinton, recently arrived in New York, and signalized his advent by an attack on the woman suffrage movement.

ROOM IN THE KING'S HOUSE, IN TOWER OF LONDON, TO BE USED BY HIS MAJESTY IN CASE OF INVASION.

The King's House, within the precincts of the Tower of London, is now occupied by the Governor of the Tower; but it is an old tradition that, in case of an invasion of a foreign power, the occupant of the British throne should seek protection within the walls of London's ancient fortress, and should take up his residence in the King's House. While this may have been a sufficient place of refuge before the days of perfected artillery, at the present time the Tower could scarcely be recommended as an impregnable stronghold. It was in this room, which is known officially as the Council Chamber, that Guy Fawkes was tried after his attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament.

Goldwin Smith on British Politics.

One seldom picks up a copy of The New York Sunday Sun without finding in a prominent place on its fastidious editorial page a letter from Goldwin Smith dealing with some topic of the day. In last Sunday's issue of The Sun there appeared a letter from the Sage of the Grange on "The Political Crisis in England," which will be of special interest to Canadians, for notwithstanding the fact that many of us, on many questions, find it impossible to see or to feel as the venerable professor does, we always, of course, find his comment rich in suggestion. The letter runs thus:

British politics apparently will soon be an angry chaos unless a mediator and arbitrator comes on the scene. Lord Rosebery is a brilliant speaker, a thoroughly upright man, and as a surviving member of the old school of Liberals or Radicals would be just in the right line, but it is to be feared he lacks physical stamina for this great burden. Mr. Balfour is a very good speaker and an honorable man, but he is the mask of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Asquith, setting aside other defects, could not mediate.

The party system has broken down in England as it has in Canada, as it is bound to do in the United States, as it is bound to do everywhere when there ceases to be one great dividing question, such as that which divided the Whigs from the Tories in former days, such as that which divided the followers of Hamilton from those of Jefferson in former days. It is founded neither on permanent reason nor on permanent morality, but on the exigency of the hour.

What is called the Liberal party in the British House of Commons is made up of five sections, Liberals, Radicals, Laborites, Socialists and Irish Home Rulers, the last section having in reality nothing to do with the rest. Each section plays its own game. The result is a political anarchy, the foam on the waves of which is the suffragettes.

That there is Socialism in Mr. Lloyd-George's budget and in his speeches can hardly be denied. This, more than any financial quality or even common class feeling, makes the budget popular. It is a very minor question, but the reason why the Lords did not vote on taxes, I take it, was that they paid not in taxes but in feudal service.

The revival of protectionism is supposed to have been the work of Mr. Chamberlain, his device for drowning the memory of his Boer war. At all events the general case can hardly differ much from what it was before the repeal of the corn laws, when I remember the people pawning everything they had and eating offal. Had the Conservatives stood by Peel instead of helping Disraeli to supplant him, and had the Liberal-Conservative policy which he embodied been permitted to hold its ground, things would not have come to the present pass.

Now there is an appeal to what is called Imperialism, and to Militarism as connected with it, playing, of course, into political Toryism. "Empire" is a term denoting concentration of force and rule. Can anything be less like concentration of force and rule than an empire, the members of which are scattered over the globe, very various in their political tendencies, commercially disunited, and many of them totally incapable of self-defence? What is to be the place of India? Is it to be a State of the empire or is it to be governed by a democratic assembly at Westminster, including perhaps in time the suffragettes?

It is curious to trace the course of history. To rid New England of fear of the French, Old England conquers Quebec. She rids them of fear of herself at the same time, and they strike for independence. Into the war which ensues France goes for revenge. She thereby completes the ruin of her finances, which otherwise were retrievable, and brings on the Revolution, followed by Napoleon and the sequel, with the consequences and recrudescences of which we are still dealing. The consequences, indirect at least, did not quite end there. When the war with revolutionary France broke out negro emancipation was rapidly making way in England. That, like other Liberal measures, was put off by the war with France. Negro slavery was allowed to grow in the Southern States and in Satan's good time to breed the American civil war.

The Castigation of a Snob.

An anecdote that will appeal to most sensible people is told of the manner in which young Poole, a son of the well-known English tailor, administered a lesson in manners to a snob who sought to offend him.

The episode (so The New York Herald reminds us) occurred when the young tradesman began to develop a taste for society. Despite the opposition of several aristocratic persons he found a way to have himself admitted to one of London's most exclusive clubs, and of course his defeated opponents became his bitter enemies. They swore to make things so hot for him that he would have to resign.

The first evening Poole visited the club he and a friend had just started a game of billiards when a beardless scion of some noble family swaggered up to the table and in a voice that could be heard all over the room took Poole to task for making him the ill fitting dress suit he was wearing.

"Really," he ended insolently, "when people charge as much as you do for clothes they should at least not have the impudence to send a gentleman such misfits."

The offence was so brutal that for a moment Poole flushed scarlet and was about to give the only answer a man can, when a brilliant idea struck him and turned his scowl into a smile.

"I'm deucedly sorry," he said, with every sign of concern, looking the coat over. Then, "Yes, I see what is needed; allow me." And before the unsuspecting youth had an inkling of what was coming, Poole reached quickly for the billiard chalk, grabbed the snob by the shoulder, and with swift, vicious strokes decorated the coat all over with lines and crosses, completely ruining it. Then he stood off.

"Now, my dear sir," he said pleasantly, "if you will send the suit around in the morning we will be delighted to alter it."

He was not bothered again.

Says The Victoria Colonist: In our view, the only newspaper support that is worth anything to a party is an independent support. Because a newspaper supports a government it is not bound to defend everything the government may do. It may condemn certain acts and yet be honestly of the opinion that, regarding political conditions as a whole, it is better that the government should remain in power than that it should be ousted. A government that is not satisfied with such support is undeserving of any support at all. The day is rapidly passing in Canada when political parties can hope to secure thick and thin support from newspapers of standing.

STITT & COMPANY, Limited
II and 13 KING ST. E.
Milliners, Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers.
LATEST CREATIONS IN COSTUMES and FRENCH PATTERN HATS from the LEADING FASHION SHOPS ON THE CONTINENT.
THE MOST PRETENTIOUS DISPLAY OF PATTERN GOWNS, SILKS, LACES, and SUITINGS EVER SHOWN in CANADA.
Paris Kid Glove Store
LA GRECQUE CORSETS, LA SPIRITE, LA AORIA.

Wall Papers and Decorations
Business has not drifted our way blindly. We are continually planning and contriving to outdo, if possible, the attractiveness of past offerings; to give you a better and greater value in Wall Papers than may be had elsewhere. The stock is now in the fullness and perfection of readiness with experienced salesmen to give you attention.
WE DO PAINTING AND DECORATING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. ESTIMATES FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

A pleasant place to eat is the St. Charles Grill---an exceptionally good menu, prompt and courteous service.
Try the St. Charles for lunch or dinner or an after-theatre supper.
THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

WHEN ONCE YOU WEAR
DR. A. REED
CUSHION SOLE SHOES
You forget all about shoes until you need some more, and then
YOU GET DR. A. REED CUSHION SOLE SHOES
made for men and women.
PRICE $5 TO $6
SOLD BY
H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street
"The Store that Fits the Feet"

THE PURCHASE OF A DIAMOND
requires care and comparison. There are so many grades that unless one is posted one is liable to be disappointed. Let us show you our gems and explain their good points.
Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 Yonge St., - Toronto

GET READY
For The
HUNTING TRIP
We know and you know that to get the best results, the best guns and ammunition are imperative necessities.
SHOT GUNS.—If you are interested, see the latest model in the L. C. Smith one-trigger gun, made by the Hunter Arms Co. of Fulton, N.Y. Discharges both barrels with one trigger—no changing, relaxing, or regripping in which you vary the aim, and you can shoot just as well with as without gloves.
WE SELL, besides, the highest grades of English hammerless guns from such peerless makers as W. W. Greener and Cogswell & Harrison.
RIFLES.—You'd expect only the best in the world from us—the only kind we sell; Winchester, Marlin and Savage repeating rifles.
SMALL ARMS.—All the best automatic pistols and revolvers.
SIGHTS. The famous Watson and Lyman Sights for all kinds of shooting and every kind of firearm.
AMMUNITION. Come to us for everything you need. We have the safe and sure kinds and all the best of them.
RICE LEWIS & SON
Cor. King and Victoria Sts. Limited

Investors' Reference

COMPILED BY

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.

INVESTMENT AGENTS

7 and 9 King St. East, Toronto

A handbook containing in condensed form the salient features in the last published annual reports of all leading Canadian companies, the securities of which are held generally by investors, as well as those of some foreign companies of which Canadians hold bonds or shares.

Several pages are devoted to descriptions of the different classes of investments, and a few points relating to dealings in securities are indicated, for the benefit of those who are inexperienced in investments of this nature.

A COPY WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST.

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY TORONTO

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$28.85	$29.50	$40.35	$41.60	$42.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

27-29 Wellington St. East.

Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.

ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.

Toronto General Agents.

ACCOUNT BOOKS

of Every Description, Pattern or Size for

BANKS, MERCHANTS FACTORIES INSURANCE, LOAN AND TRUST CO'S.

LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS, BINDERS AND SHEETS

Unsurpassed for Style, Quality or Value

BROWN BROS.

LIMITED

Manufacturing Stationers,

TORONTO

Hooper's

guarantee means that medicines bought here never fail at a critical time—nor any time. They are always dependable—always just what you expect them to be. They are the highest quality it is possible for us to obtain in the best markets of the world. These are the reasons why our business is growing——

Take your prescriptions to

Hooper's

83 King St. West

Telephone M. 536

FINANCIAL

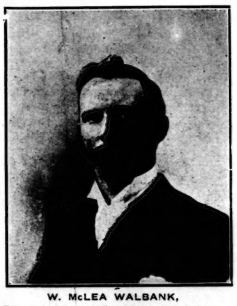
TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, SEPT. 29, 1909.

A FEW years ago an insane man gained entrance to the house of Mr. W. McLea Walbank, on Peel street, and presenting a pistol, informed the wide awake vice-president and general manager of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. that he would spare his life if he would give him some of his money. Walbank hesitated. The more he thought of it the surer he became that he wouldn't "cough up." And he didn't. How he got out of the predicament is a matter of history which doubtless could be found by looking up the files of the newspapers—which anyone possessed of leisure and curiosity may do. It was his lucky day—at any rate he got rid of the lunatic. The incident is recalled not alone because it is interesting, but because, had it been fully weighed by certain aldermen of the city of Montreal, might have spared Mr. Walbank the trouble of going before the Royal Commission to testify that one of the "friends of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co." had tried to "tap" him for the small sum of $10,000 to help pay election funds. Now, I leave it to you,—is it likely that a man would whack up $10,000, please and thank you sir, after he had refused to part with a very small portion of that sum at the point of a pistol? Of course, in one case, he was asked to give up his own money and, in the other, that of the company. But I don't think he's the sort of man to make much distinction between the two, under the circumstances. The point illustrated is that he will not be held up.

⁂

Walbank's Career.—How Mr. Walbank became associated with the Power Co. is rather interesting. The Lachine Rapids boil and swirl about a mile above the outskirts of Montreal. Any one with half a head would know, as he looked at them, that all this boiling and swirling meant that as the water was running fast there must be a considerable drop in the river. And if he were anything of an engineer, at all, it would occur to him that there was a lot of power going to waste which would be appreciated in the town beyond, where the rates made the people moan. Many people had thought of it before, just as W. McLea Walbank, C.E., did in 1901, but it didn't better their financial condition or add any laurels to their exhibits. With Walbank it was different. Five years later, he had worked his plans out and completed his financial arrangements and work had begun. Eighteen months more and the work was practically done and the Lachine Hydraulic Co. had become an important factor in the work of supplying electric current for the city of Montreal.



W. McLEA WALBANK,
The man who testified before Royal Commissioner Cannon that an attempt had been made by Montreal aldermen to graft $10,000 out of the Light, Heat and Power Co.

⁂

Before Amalgamation.—When the Lachine Hydraulic was first undertaken, the gas and electricity was being supplied to the city by the Montreal Gas Co., the Royal Electric Co., the Imperial Electric and the St. Lawrence Light and Power, formerly the Chambly Mfg. Co. The entrance of the Lachine Co. may have occasioned the applause of the citizens but the existing companies did not smile and shake hands with it. In fact, they shortly began to talk of amalgamating in order to eliminate this "ruinous competition." The amalgamation was brought about in May 1901, the Lachine being the only one which refused to go in. The stock of the Montreal Gas Co. and of the Royal Electric sold at $250 per share on the day they were taken in, the former having risen from $214, and the latter from $207, the previous January. The amalgamation was called the Montreal Light, Heat and Power, the capital of which was $17,000. Since that time the company has been an even greater factor in the life and death of Montreal than the independent companies were previously. The amalgamation seemed to make little difference to W. McLea Walbank and his Lachine Co. He had a more modest capitalization and a new plant, and he popularized his concern by slashing rates to such an extent that the Power Co. soon began to gasp. Moreover, the Power Co. was developing certain weaknesses, more especially in connection with its Chambly development, the dam of which later was carried away. Every little while the rumor went the rounds that the Power Co. had taken in the Lachine Co., but, upon being questioned by the newspaper men, W. McLea Walbank gave an indignant denial. Perish the thought that the Lachine Co. would ever be a part of the Power Co. But the knowing ones looked wiser than ever and made their predictions. The Lachine Co. went on gaining in strength. It soon had two auxiliary steam plants and a twenty-five year contract with the Shawinigan Co.—it is said at $15 per h.p., per year—to control all the current sent on to the Island of Montreal by that company.

⁂

Made Walbank Rich.—At last, one day in 1903, when the newspaper men went round to learn if the latest rumor was false, W. McLea Walbank told them that the Lachine Co. had received its price and was part of the Power Co. Since that time there has been no competition in lighting rates in Montreal, and the city once more moans in the night—also in the day. It cost the M. L. H. & P. Co. just $190 cash for each share of the two millions of Lachine stock and about $400,000 for the Lachine's two auxiliary plants, the Standard and the Citizens! What W. McLea Walbank made out of the Lachine Co. has never been told, but it must have been a pretty penny. As he was the beginning and the end of the concern, he was entitled to it if anyone was. There were other people in the company, of course—such as G. B. Burland, Alex. Fraser, R. Wilson-Smith, Peter Lyall, S. Carsley and E. Kirk Green—but as I recollect it, Walbank was the man who "did."

⁂

Once a Bad Rep.—Really, the Power Co. used to have a bad reputation in this city. No one hesitated to shoot out the tongue at it. In fact, it was commonly accused of purchasing from the representatives of the people the privilege of "soaking" the people. And "soak" them it did, too. Of course, it has been explained to us many times by the patient oracles of the Power Co. that we were getting current for next to nothing, but we never believed it. When Walbank's company was taken over, he became an officer of the Power Co., and many's the slash he had at us too. However, within the past year, he has announced certain reductions in rates, one reduction taking place at the first of October. This was, of course, a gift to the people from one of the peoples' admirers—more especially as the Power Co. is looking into the muzzle of the Canadian Light Company's new gun. Perhaps it might have paid the Power Co. better to have courted the people all these years, with lower rates, instead of making such furious love to the aldermen. When people stay on for ever, you know. The present policy of conciliation is already bearing fruit with Montrealers, who, after all, are a forgiving lot.

⁂

Statement and Counter Statement.—In the dying hours of the Royal Commission, a strange thing developed. Mr. Walbank swore an alderman had made an attempt to get money from him, an alderman swore the Power Co. had made an effort to give him money, and then President Holt of the Power Co., and Senator Forget of the same company,—both of whom should be in many of the secrets of the company—swore that they knew nothing whatever of wrong-doings or attempts thereat by either the representatives of the company or of the people. So, everything is all right after all. When the Royal Commission heard all this evidence, it promptly turned its face to the wall and gave up the ghost. And no wonder. But it's too bad it died before asking more questions. It was a narrow squeak for someone, surely. None the less, we are all pretty well convinced that if ever there were any aldermen or legislators who found the company an ever present friend in time of trouble, now that they have to deal with general manager Walbank they might as well get out their overalls and go back to work again.

⁂

The Asbestos Business.—A year ago, hardly any of us had heard of the asbestos other than as a type of fire-proof mining product which came up here from the Townships, mainly. Since that time, several amalgamations have been based on the industry and it now looks as though the asbestos business would become one of the most important in Canada. The Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, although in operation but a few months, has already got into touch with a number of American concerns which are large users of asbestos and there is talk that some of these will shortly open up plants in Canada for the manufacture of the finished product. The Keasbey & Mattison Co. already has its new plant at Lachine in operation and the belief is that the manufacturing plants which wish to remain in operation will have to move to Canada where they will be close to the raw product instead of paying heavy freight rates to carry it long distances. As anticipated at the time of the formation of the Amalgamated Co., the output of the mines has been largely increased and the cost per ton of mining has been reduced.

T. C. A.

⁂

TORONTO, SEPT. 30, 1909.

THE demand for securities continues fairly active. Underlying conditions are good, and the absorption of bonds and stocks has been greater than one would imagine by a reading of the tape. A large number of new flotations have been successfully financed, and the supply of money open for investment in Canada is without precedent. While the rate of interest is slightly better than during the summer months, there appears to be not the least apprehension with regard to stringency. Canadian balances abroad have even increased while it was naturally expected that they would have decreased in anticipation of the larger movement in grain and improvement in commerce and industry. The increase of $6,000,000 in the foreign loans of our banks in August, despite the comparatively low rates on Wall Street, is sufficient evidence that money in Canada will be in ample supply for all legitimate requirements this autumn. There seems to be an impression that the United States will shortly be importing gold from Europe. The demand for currency does not usually reach its maximum amount until the beginning of November, and if additional sums are withdrawn from New York bankers, they will be under the necessity of securing gold from abroad or of reducing their loans. Having regard to the abundant supply of money in Europe, and the low rates for money and discount now quoted, it is much more likely that America will get gold from abroad than that loans will be curtailed, especially as no difficulty is likely to arise in procuring supplies.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000

Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington — West Toronto
341 Bathurst Street

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Travellers

Letters of Credit

under which money can be drawn at any point in the world.

TORONTO OFFICES:

37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000

The Northern Crown Bank is fully equipped to undertake every description of Banking transaction: Travellers' and Commercial Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world; Bills of Exchange, Drafts and Orders on all countries bought and sold; Canadian Bankers' Association Money Orders for sale at all branches.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques

Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn

PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

Toronto Office 48 Yonge St.

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

No delay in withdrawal

Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - - $1,277,404.49

Money risked makes your future uncertain.
Money invested in *SEASONED BONDS* gives you a steady income of 4½ to 5¼ per cent. Your income is never interrupted, never suspended, and the principal easily realized.
Whether you can buy only a single bond or many, write to

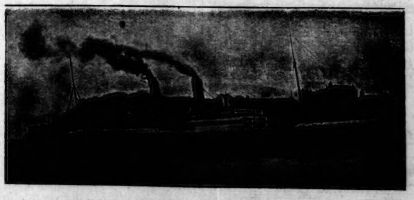
W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.

Dealer in Bonds 222 St. James Street, Montreal

SAFETY——SPEED——SPLENDOR

"EMPRESSES"

FASTEST AND FINEST IN CANADIAN SERVICE



An "Empress" Leaving Quebec for Liverpool.

Empress of Britain
Empress of Ireland

Hold the ATLANTIC RECORDS Between Canadian Ports and Liverpool.

900 miles in sheltered waters, and less than four days at sea.

Tickets and Information from any Railway or Steamship Agent, or W. C. ARNAULD, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

S. J. SHARP, 71 Yonge St., TORONTO.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 77

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven per cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months, ending 31st October, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to 30th October, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ontario, 15th September, 1909.

ALLAN LINE

FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Deep Work, - - 1881 STEADY
To adopt Turbine Engines, - 1905 SWIFT

RECORD PASSAGE—The Turbine S.S. Victorian has made the fastest passage on record between Liverpool and Montreal—6 days 15 hours 3 minutes.

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

Tunisian	Sept. 10	Oct. 8	Nov. 5
Victorian	Sept. 17	Oct. 15	Nov. 11
Corsican	Sept. 24	Oct. 22	Nov. 19
Virginian	Oct. 1	Oct. 29	

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

Pretorian	Sept. 11	Oct. 9	Nov. 6
Hesperian	Sept. 18	Oct. 16	Nov. 13
Ionian	Sept. 25	Oct. 23	Nov. 20
Grampian	Oct. 2	Oct. 30	

MONTREAL TO LONDON VIA HAVRE, FRANCE

A weekly service of one class. "Second cabin" steamers. Superior accommodation. Moderate rates.

For full particulars apply "THE ALLAN LINE," General Agency for Ontario, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto.

HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

Sept. 25 to Oct. 9

The route running along the Hudson River and hence the only line by which the points of historic interest can be seen.

Tickets by this line include the privilege of travelling in either direction without additional charge between New York and Albany via steamers of Hudson River (Day) Line or People's (Night) Line.

NEW YORK AND RETURN $15.85

Canadian Pacific—New York Central Lines.

Ask for descriptive literature.

The Four Track Route — CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY — Trains Run to Grand Central Depot

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

HUNTERS'

Return Tickets at Single Fare
October 29th to 31st.

To points in Temagami, points Mattawa to Port Arthur, and to a number of points reached by Northern Navigation Co., also to certain points in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Maine.

OCTOBER 21st TO OCTOBER 31st

To Muskoka Lakes, Penetang, Lake of Bays, Midland, Magnetawan River, Lakefield, Madawaska to Parry Sound, Argyle to Coboconk, Lindsay to Haliburton, Sharbot Lake to Calabogie, via K. & P. Ry. Points from Severn to North Bay inclusive; and certain points reached by Northern Navigation Co.

Return limit on all tickets, December 4th, or until close of navigation, if earlier, to points reached by steamers.

Tickets and further information may be obtained from any Grand Trunk Agent, or write J. D. McDonald, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

Change of Time
September 13

Lake Shore Express

Trains 3 & 4 Withdrawn

Connection to and from all parts of Muskoka Lakes will continue to be made by Trains 1 and 6.

Time of arrival and departure Toronto Union Station will be as follows:—

Leave Union Station 9.00 a.m., 5.15 p.m.
Arrive Union Station 10.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m.

Observation-Dining-Parlor cars operated on all trains. Offices corner of King and Toronto, and Union Station. Main 6179

LIGHTWEIGHT OVERCOATS AGAIN

The time has come again for the light-weight overcoat. It will need overhauling to look well this Fall. Parker's is the place to have it cleaned, dyed or pressed right.

R. PARKER & CO.

Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto.

201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY

Will help you with your house cleaning

PHONE MAIN 1580
47 ELM STREET

Stocks are Scarce.

The scarcity of stocks in the domestic markets is reflected in the easy manner in which prices advance. It is several years since the floating supply has been so low as at present. On every slight reaction, the market becomes extremely dull. There is no pressure to sell stocks. They are hard to buy, an order for a few hundred shares sending prices up fast. Recently, the demand has improved for bank issues, and a number of issues, such as Bank of Toronto, Imperial, Dominion, Montreal and Standard have shown an inclination to advance. The earnings of our banks generally are likely to show an improvement over the previous year. As an evidence of what is thought of the outlook, it is only necessary to state that the first increase in banking capital for a year or two has been just announced. The board of directors of the Bank of Ottawa, which is largely interested in the lumber trade of this country, has decided to increase its paid-up capital by $500,000, making the total $3,500,000. Five thousand shares will be issued at $200 per share, a premium of one hundred per cent. Shareholders of record September 30 will be entitled to subscribe to one share for every six shares of stock then held. The calls are payable in ten payments of ten per cent., beginning 1st November, 1909, and continuing monthly till last payment due August 11, 1910.

⁂

Now Paying.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is now a paying proposition. Hon. A. J. Matheson, the Provincial Treasurer, announces that the net receipts from operation for the seven months ending July 31 were $379,698, while the proportionate share of the interest at four per cent. on the expenditure of construction and operating the entire system was $350,000. The announcement, while anticipated for some time, signalizes a new era for the people's railway.

⁂

Cement Co.

Three large financial houses in London, Eng., took up $2,000,000 of the new Canada Cement Company's underwriting, and in the course of a few weeks a public flotation of this amount will be made in London. An application will shortly be made to list the securities of the Canada Cement Company on the London Stock Exchange.

⁂

Foreign Investments.

Naturally a good deal of favorable comment is heard in financial circles owing to Canada's ability to borrow abroad on advantageous terms. This has been done chiefly through sales of Canadian securities in London and Paris, but chiefly in the former city. If this new capital could not have been secured, our position would have been a great deal worse than it is. In fact, the strong position in which Canada is at the present time is greatly due to the sales of Government, municipal and industrial securities to British investors. The extent of our borrowings will be determined by the degree of confidence inspired by our financial methods. It should be remembered, too, that with greater prosperity in Europe, there may not be such a surplus of spare capital in Britain the coming year as in the recent past. The proper policy for us to pursue is to encourage trade as much as possible with the Motherland. When Britain or foreign countries make investments in Canada, they send their capital. That is what buying our securities means. It is sent for the most part in the form of merchandise exports, which for us are imports, to be turned into liquid capital as these are sold; and we put a charge upon it when it arrives by the tax upon the imports. After the investment is established, and begins to earn an income, that has to be sent abroad in interest and dividend payments, and goes in the form of merchandise exports. A very large part of what is called "the balance of trade" is absorbed in these payments, and goes to support or enrich the foreigners out of our resources and industries.

Doubtless it pays to have this borrowed contribution of capital. We get a benefit out of it so long as we have not capital enough of our own, but if, in the words of a contemporary, "our methods were more economical and we accumulated large capital for our own use, instead of squandering much of it, the advantage would be greater. We should keep more value at home; our exports would bring more imports in return, and the increase of wealth would be greater and more equitably diffused."

⁂

Specie Holdings.

About a million and a half dollars in gold was withdrawn by Canadian banks in New York on Monday and Tuesday for shipment home. This is quite natural in the state of the exchange market, with rates at a discount. Call loans of our banks abroad on August 30 amounted to $120,000,000, or more than double the showing of a year ago. The aggregate specie held by the Receiver-General at Ottawa and in the vaults of the chartered banks a month ago was $92,519,415, an increase of over $4,000,000 in two months and an increase of over $13,000,000 in the twelve months.

⁂

Bright Prospects.

The improvement in general business can be no better illustrated than from the increased dividend disbursements on railways, industrial and traction stocks. A compilation made for October of American companies shows that the dividends paid that month were $38,537,428, an increase of $8,000,000 over 1908. Then again, when it is considered that this increase is almost double that of any preceding month this year, the showing is regarded as distinctly favorable, and the outlook is even more hopeful than the achievement, from the fact that these disbursements are less than $2,000,000 under those of October, 1907, a nearer approach to the capital returns made during the near tide of prosperity than has yet been attained since the panic. Interest payments will, it is estimated, come to $81,500,000, a gain of $3,200,000.

Captain Scott and the South Pole.

CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, the explorer, who hopes to gain the South Pole for Great Britain with the expedition that is to leave this country in July or August of next year if sufficient funds can be raised, is already busily at work on the new project.

Captain Scott, who led the "Discovery" Antarctic expedition, is of medium height and build, with black hair and a mobile, clean-shaven face. He speaks quickly, in clear, decisive tones, which convey an impression of self-confidence and the power of rapid judgment. His second in command, Lieutenant E. R. G. Evans, who is assisting him in the organization of the expedition, is a typical naval officer, with aquiline, clear-cut face, and the healthy complexion of a man who spends his life in the open air.

"Leaving England in July," he said to a reporter in London the other day, "we shall call at New Zealand to pick up the ponies, dogs, and stores. We hope to reach McMurdo Sound in December, and a party will be landed there to erect permanent winter quarters. The remainder of the expedition will proceed to a point in King Edward VII. Land, in the same latitude as McMurdo Sound, about 500 miles distant. Here another base will be erected. It depends on circumstances and the condition of the ice from which of these two bases the start for the Pole is made."

Abruzzi in the Himalayas.

THE special correspondent of The Corriere della Sera, who travelled from Port Said to Marseilles on board the Peninsular and Oriental liner Oceana, on which the Duke of the Abruzzi and the other members of his expedition embarked, succeeded in gathering some important and hitherto unpublished details of the Italian Prince's latest exploration of the Himalaya Mountains.

At the end of June the expedition reached the summit of Windigab, 20,300 feet, and after descending erected its tents under Chogolisa, or Bride Peak, which the Duke, together with six guides and porters, ascended up to 24,600 feet. This, the highest point ever reached, was attained on July 17. The Duke was prevented from getting to the summit by a thick fog, which did not permit of any further attempt, and so, after beating every mountaineering record, he was obliged to return.

The scientific results of this journey are very important, as the Duke of the Abruzzi is bringing to Europe a very rich collection of photographic, topographical, and botanical materials, besides the astronomical and meteorological observations.

Stories of a Singer.

JEAN LASSALLE, the famous French baritone, whose death at the age of 62 was recently reported, was a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, which he left after a brief period in anger at a rebuke addressed to him for some supposed offence against discipline. He made his debut as Saint Bris in "Les Huguenots" at Liege. He had no costumes, and had to borrow everything from friends and fellow artists.

His borrowed sword was so long and his borrowed boots so short that on first coming on he tripped and fell full length on the stage. He did not wait for the audience to laugh; he began himself with a good natured roar that won his hearers over. His success as singer that night was so great that the management which had engaged him at $2 an evening for four evenings a week prolonged his engagement to two months instead of one and increased his pay to $4.

He was by all reports a charming man. Whenever he was singing in London he was certain to receive an invitation to tea from the Princess of Wales, now Queen Alexandra. His friendship with the Russian Grand Dukes once saved him from an awkward position.

Lassalle was singing in St. Petersburg for the first time, and one morning was writing at a desk near his window. As it was a very warm day he opened the window wide. Suddenly there was a violent knock at the door and two men in uniform entered and began making energetic remarks in Russian to Lassalle. He of course did not understand a word, and after vainly trying to make out what was the trouble he simply pushed them out of the room and locked the door.

Scarcely had he begun to write again when there was another knock at the door. The same uniformed couple were there, accompanied this time by a superior, glorious in striped lace.

More expostulations, equally misunderstood, followed, until the highly ornamented officer placed his hand on the singer's shoulder. Lassalle, who was a strong, tall man, let out with his right, the two privates joined in and a lively scrimmage followed.

Lassalle, naturally getting the worse of the struggle, succeeded in making them understand that he wanted to see the Grand Duke Alexis. The officer locked Lassalle in his room, and leaving his two privates as guards outside the door, went off to seek the Grand Duke. Presently the Grand Duke Alexis arrived, and entering with a laugh, said:

"Well, well, my dear fellow, so you are a criminal, eh? You have persisted in leaving a window open which looks onto the Winter Palace! A grave offence! And more than that, you have maltreated a functionary who holds a colonel's rank! All this might have fearful results for you, but luckily I am here. Come and have lunch. You won't go to Siberia this time!"

Lassalle had saved a comfortable fortune of some $200,000 when he retired, and invested it all in a cement business. The cement business swallowed it quickly and wanted more. Lassalle returned to work, sang in America, North and South, and made another $100,000, which the cement business engulfed in a very short time, leaving Lassalle a ruined man, glad to teach singing for his living, too old to return to the stage.

Henri Rochefort tells a story of Lassalle during the days when he (Rochefort) was an exile in London. The Kaiser, William II., was to visit London, and one of the entertainments to be offered him was a gala performance at Covent Garden Opera House of "Faust," with Lassalle as Mephistopheles and another Frenchman as Faust. Rochefort's soul revolted at the idea of Frenchmen having to entertain the Emperor of the country that had conquered France. He went and found Lassalle, and portrayed to him the sacrilege it would be for a good Frenchman to sing for the man who held their two provinces.

Lassalle agreed, but "What can I do?" he asked. "I am engaged at Covent Garden for the season, and if I refuse to appear the manager can have me heavily fined. Besides, the Emperor is the nephew of the Princess of Wales, who has always been so good to me. She would never forgive me for such want of respect toward her."

To this Rochefort replied by pointing out that the Princess of Wales was also the daughter of the King of Denmark, and so was not likely to be over well disposed to the representative of Prussia which had taken Denmark's duchies. So he advised Lassalle to lay his scruples before the Princess and beg to be excused from appearing.

Lassalle accepted his advice, but before he had time to take any step Rochefort had telegraphed to his newspaper in Paris: "The worthy baritone Lassalle has declared that under no pretext will he sing before the German Emperor."

Lassalle was flooded with telegrams of congratulations from France, but he was at a loss how to break the matter to the Princess. Eventually he saw her, and later reported to Rochefort: "I have seen the Princess and told her how you had forbidden me to sing before the Emperor, and she was kind enough to say, 'If M. Rochefort has forbidden you to sing, do not sing.'"

Poor Augustus Harris, then director at Covent Garden, was, of course, furious. He had to make up a programme of ballets and fragments of operas, and the evening passed without any real distinction.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

MANUFACTURERS OF ARTISTIC

GAS & ELECTRIC FIXTURES,

THE JAMES MORRISON BRASS MFG. CO. LIMITED
TORONTO WINNIPEG

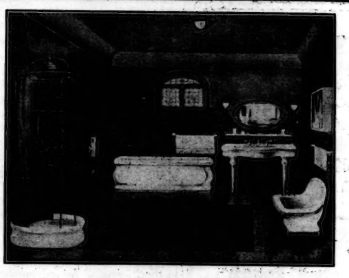
You are invited to call and inspect our goods for comparison on prices.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

See our Patent Convertible Rail Table.

The perfect Combination Table for Private Residences.

OFFICE AND SHOW ROOMS: 67-71 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO



THAT BATHROOM OF YOURS

Do you realize the importance of having an up-to-date sanitary bathroom?

Are you thinking of replacing your old bathroom fixtures with more modern ones?

If so, do not let your plumber put in just whatever he pleases.

Investigate first the merits of ALEXANDRA WARE.

Then insist on having it in your bathroom.

Made of cast iron, covered with heavy porcelain enamel, "Alexandra" ware simply cannot crack.

There's no "wear-out" to it.

YOU want "Alexandra" fixtures for YOUR bathroom.

The Standard Ideal Company Ltd

Sales Offices and Show Rooms
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

Head Office and Factories
Port Hope, Canada.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SPECIAL AUTUMN EXCURSION
TO
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Friday, October 8, 1909

Round-Trip $11.00 from BUFFALO

PROPORTIONATE RATES FROM OTHER POINTS.

Tickets will be good going on regular trains on date named and to return within ten days, including date of excursion.

FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

Leave Buffalo 9.00 A.M., 7.30 P.M., and 10.45 P.M.

RETURNING, tickets will be good to stop-off at BALTIMORE or PHILADELPHIA, affording an opportunity to visit ATLANTIC CITY

For tickets and additional information apply to Ticket Agents, Grand Trunk Ry., Canadian Pacific Ry., Niagara Navigation Company, or B. P. Fraser, D.P.A., 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo.

J. R. WOOD,
Passenger Traffic Manager.

GEO. W. BOYD,
General Passenger Agent.

"Tronco" Port

BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY

TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN

(Established 1692)

AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

SAVE TIME TROUBLE AND MONEY
SYMINGTON'S
COFFEE
OF ALL GROCERS
LARGE AND SMALL BOTTLES

Some daily care your Teeth must have.
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder
the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.
The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition.
15c. at your Druggists. For sample send 2c. stamp. F. C. Calvert & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

FEARMAN'S
HAMILTON
Star Brand
BACON
is the Best Bacon

WINDSOR TABLE SALT
Ask The Housewife
She will tell you that Windsor Salt does not get "lumpy"—nor "cake" in glass or silver.
In homes of refinement,
Windsor Table Salt
has long been the universal favorite for table and culinary use.
17

DOCTORS
find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

COSGRAVE'S HALF AND HALF
The voice of the people:
"Just the finest and most delightfully satisfying beer I've ever tasted."
Order a Case To-day.
AT ALL DEALERS

LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, September 20, 1909.

TWO of the great subjects for conversation just now are Lord Rosebery's speech on the Budget and the discussion over the finding of the North Pole. Naturally the former is the more interesting to the British public, for reasons which are obvious, and the comments on the speech made by Liberals, Socialists and Unionists are worth reading. Mr. Lloyd George says the speech is a "soft-nosed torpedo"; Mr. Victor Grayson, the well-known Socialist M.P., speaks of it as "hot air," and Mr. Ure, M.P., stated that it was "ineffectual, vain, futile and harmless." The general impression is that this magnificent effort of the ex-Premier helps to clear the way for a general election which will be fought with extreme bitterness. Politics bring about many odd conditions, but the present is not the least remarkable—a former leader of the Liberal party attacking one of its most pronounced policies, and resigning from the Liberal League of which he himself was the founder and president. This attitude of Lord Rosebery is specially interesting to the newspaper men who attended the Imperial Press Conference and heard his magnificent address on the occasion of the opening banquet.

* * *

AS far as the discovery of the North Pole is concerned the general public feels that the "you're another" attitude of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook has cast a cloud over an achievement of which the United States has reason to be proud. The only gratifying feature of the squabble is that it is a family affair entirely. This being the case, the American yellow journals have no ground for the usual remarks about the jealousy and unfairness of other nations—especially of England. The English journals have been foremost among those who do full justice to the pluck and endurance and other good qualities of the American explorers. Nothing has been said in any English paper casting as much doubt upon the statements of Dr. Cook as has appeared in the newspapers of the United States. The love of fair play for which this country is rightly noted leads the people to reserve judgment.

While giving full credit to the United States for carrying off the blue ribbon of Arctic exploration it might be well for our neighbors to remember that they followed in the pathway of the pioneers like Sir John Franklin and others. Let us hope that the proposed expedition from London which starts next July to have another look for the South Pole will be successful, and that the discovery of the two Poles will be to the credit of the English-speaking race.

* * *

THE Canadians who are a little peevish at times over England's supposed want of interest in Canada should read the London papers for one day to discover how much is said about the Dominion, remembering always that there are a good many other British possessions to be noticed by the Motherland.

To-day, for instance, there is a considerable amount of space devoted to Wolfe, and the great event with which the 13th of September is associated. Short sketches of his life and career appear in many journals, and there is special reference to the Wolfe banquet to be held this evening at the White City, when Sir Frederick Borden and Sir Gilbert Parker will speak for Canada, and refer to the advantages the country has enjoyed in its one hundred and fifty years of British rule.

Another item of Canadian interest is that Lord Balfour of Burleigh has sailed for Canada, via New York, as a member of the British Royal Commission to consider the improvement of trade relations between the West Indies and Canada. Lord Balfour is a connection of the late Mr. A. H. Campbell, of Toronto, whose death occurred recently, and is married to Lady Katherine Hamilton-Gordon, a sister of Lord Aberdeen.

The captious Canadian would find in to-day's papers an anecdote of Sir Charles Tupper's, relative to the attitude of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, the Liberal Minister who introduced the Education Act of 1870, towards Tariff Reform. He would find also something about Lord Charles Beresford's stay in Canada, and most likely a reference to the wheat crops in the West.

If none of these items please him he may be won over by the fact that the beautiful and enormously wealthy heroine of an exciting serial in The Daily Mail is a Canadian!

* * *

THE ancient privileges held by certain bodies and individuals are curiously interesting, and their exercise a commentary upon the conservatism of the English character. For instance, the Lord Mayor has just been informed by Lieut.-Colonel H. Ruggles-Brise, commanding the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, that on October 1st the battalion, on the occasion of changing quarters from the Tower to Chelsea Barracks, will exercise the ancient privilege conferred upon it of marching through the City of London with colors flying, drums beating, and bayonets fixed.

Certain rectors and church wardens have the privilege, which they do not exercise I believe, of beating the bounds of their parishes once a year, accompanied by members of the congregation. The boundaries lie through office buildings and shops, so if ever these gentlemen felt called upon to exercise their rights it would cause some confusion. The boundaries of the parish of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, the chapel at the Tower, are beaten every year with willow wands, by the officials of the Tower, who have the right to go anywhere they please in the exercise of this duty.

Speaking of boundaries, it may be interesting to point out what are the postal boundaries of the actual City of London. The Post Office recognizes them as from Temple Bar on the west to Aldgate Pump on the east; and from Blackfriars Bridge on the south to the "Angel" at Islington on the north.

* * *

THE theatrical season is in full swing, and the most popular actors and actresses are either rehearsing or delighting large audiences. "The Dollar Princess" with the old "Merry Widow favorites will be on soon, on the 18th in fact. The great first night of this week, however, is "False Gods," Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's new play at His Majesty's. The first nights at this theatre are great social events as well as notable from the artistic point of view. The theatre has been re-decorated and much improved, so the curtain will go up to-morrow on a new house as well as a new piece. All Tree's productions are magnificent spectacles, and this Egyptian play promises to be no exception to the rule. "The Great Divide," which ran for a thousand performances in the United States, has a first night this week also, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the part which Margaret Anglin, the Toronto actress, played.

Plays which have already begun what promise to be good runs are "Madame X," in which Lena Ashwell reduces the audience to tears; "Mid-Channel," with Irene Vanbrugh; "Making a Gentleman," with Arthur Bourchier and Ethel Irving as the stars—and people have learned to expect a good deal from "Lady Frederick"; "Arsene Lupin," in which Gerald DuMaurier plays; and, of course, the sensation at the "Lane," viz., "The Whip," which Mr. J. T. Grein, the well-known critic, describes as "Grandiose grotesqueness." In this, sensation piles upon sensation until the audience can hardly contain its excitement. In fact the Drury Lane annual melodrama is a stimulating experience which one cannot afford to miss. Mr. H. B. Irving begins his season this week, reviving "The Bells," followed by both old and modern pieces which he has secured for production at the Queen's.

These are the days when one enjoys the sight of patient first nighters waiting at ten in the morning for the doors to open into the unreserved parts of the house, for the evening performance.

* * *

CANADIANS thinking of visiting London should be interested in hearing that the new "Strand Hotel," to be opened to-day in the Strand, is to be an absolutely tip-less hotel. People who stay there need not fear the eyes of three waiters, a lift-boy, a chamber-maid, a couple of porters and a commissionaire. All these persons are paid by the management. What the guest pays covers everything.

* * *

THE "Women's Exhibition" is delighting visitors to Olympia, who can see women auctioneers and cricketers, women nurses for babies in a creche, and women caring for animals; women working at the arts and the crafts; and women contributing generously to the fund to help the poor slum children to get fresh air. It is a great exhibition!

M. E. MacL. M.

Canadian Trade in Siberia.

IN a recent issue of The Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association, there appeared an article by Mr. Allen Lethbridge on the market which Siberia offers for Canadian manufactured goods. With regard to the possibilities for trade, Mr. Lethbridge has this to say:

"Vladivostock, the harbor of Siberia, is situated approximately at the same distance from Vancouver as is Yokohama, and is open to navigation at all times of the year. Canada should therefore be in a position to supply, easily and economically, a great proportion of imported goods, as at present these must either travel from Moscow by a single line of railway 6,500 miles long, obviously at times causing terrible congestion of traffic; or must make the long sea voyage via the Suez Canal and Singapore, occupying over two months.

"Already Canadian agricultural implements are favorably known in Western Siberia, where they are in successful competition with both the German and American makes. The International Harvester Company of Chicago are opening a branch at Vladivostock, thus showing that they are alive to the possibilities of the situation, and intend making a bid to capture the market. Owing to the fact that this corporation are willing to grant more extensive credit facilities than the Canadian firms, it is probable that they may succeed. Canadian companies would do well to carefully consider this question of credit, as it must prove the keynote of success. . . . The demand for agricultural machinery of all kinds must be a growing one to keep pace with the increase of population caused by the influx of immigrants."

A number of English papers have taken up this matter to some extent, and The Canadian Gazette, of London, says:

"Siberia will outlive its ill fame as an icy wilderness as the Canadian West has done, and there is no limit to its expansive capacities. Canadian industrialism has here a great opportunity."

It is now possible to melt wood, by heating it in a vacuum, producing a hard, homogeneous substance that apparently has an industrial future before it. The history and present status of the process are given by Francis Marre in La Nature (Paris). To melt wood "appears at first sight to be an impossibility," he remarks, but it is, in fact, possible and practicable. Melted wood has been hitherto only a laboratory curiosity, but it may well be that industry shall presently discover practical applications of the greatest interest.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Vicar: "I'm sorry to hear you've been so poorly. You must pray for a good heart, Thomas."
Thomas: "Yaas, zur; but it's my liver wot be wrong ye know, zur."—The Tatler.

Apollinaris
"The Queen of Table Waters"

The Acme of Luxury in House Gowns
You'll choose "GALTFLEECE" Eiderdown Garments when you see them, in preference to all others for negligee and around-the-house wear. They are soft, cozy and comfortable, and yet
Galtfleece EIDERDOWN
Garments for Women
are stylish and perfect fitting. They alone possess the neat and trim appearance that you have been looking for in house gowns.
See them at your dealer's. Write for our booklet showing you some of the styles — we'll send it free, along with a sample of "GALTFLEECE" material.
The Galt Knitting Company, Limited, Galt, Ontario

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.
Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED
BELFAST, IRELAND,
REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.
Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers
To HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of
HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World
Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common power-loom goods.
IRISH LINEN Linen Sheeting, 2 yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 67c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 75c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.15 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c. per yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.
IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 22c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)
MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $8.52 per half doz. (To measure 43c. extra.) New Designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.
IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame. —The Queen. Children's from 30c. per doz.; Ladies' from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 66c. to $3.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to $6.00 per doz.
IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from $1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.
IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, $1.08; India or Colonial Outfits, $53.68; Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)
N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed
Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegall Place, Belfast, Ireland
Note—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.
DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

Established 1791. "The test of time."
Horrockses'
Longcloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes
ARE THE VERY BEST
the "Old Country" can produce.
See the Stamp "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
OBTAINABLE from the leading stores in the Dominion
"HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER AND LONDON."

RUINART CHAMPAGNE
This famous wine is becoming recognized in Canada as superior to all others.
The word "Ruinart" on a bottle is the surest possible guarantee of champagne quality.

Invaluable for the SKIN in HOT or COLD climates. Removes all IRRITATION and TAN.
BEETHAM'S LA-RI-A
Larola
Gives a PERFECT COMPLEXION SOFT as VELVET.

Wedding Stationery

There is unmistakable distinction in quality about Diamond Hall's Wedding Stationery.

On its own premises a complete engraving and plate printing plant is manned by a staff of experts.

Specialists' skill is evident in every detail of the finished product. Prices are the lowest consistent with high-class work.

Ryrie Bros.
Limited
134-138 Yonge Street
Toronto

Our Furniture

department contains many fine reproductions of the very best examples of the great cabinet-makers of the 17th and 18th centuries. Special and appropriate coverings are also shown.

ELLIOTT & SON
LIMITED
79 King St W. - TORONTO

DORENWEND'S HAIR STYLES FOR WOMEN

The province of Hair Goods is to dress your hair becomingly, give style to your appearance, improve your looks and secure comfort.

We have united these qualities in a permanent degree in all our goods.

For the past forty years we have been recognized as the largest Canadian Hair Goods concern. Our goods have been improved gradually by experts and to-day they are unsurpassed in any of their qualities.

Your object is to obtain a good article at a moderate price.

WE HAVE IT HERE, SO LET US SHOW IT TO YOU.

Hairdressing, Manicuring, Massage, Scalp Treatments, etc., by appointment. Tel. Main 1551.

The Dorenwend Co.
of Toronto, Limited
(The House of Quality and Style)
103-105 Yonge Street.

The opening of the Musical Season
The greatest of Contraltos
The most popular singer of all present day prima donnas
MME.
SCHUMANN-HEINK
Massey Hall, Thursday Oct. 7th.
Prices: 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50.
Balcony front $2.00.

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

Phone
W.H. STONE CO.
UNDERTAKERS
32 CARLTON ST.
N. 3758

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Kathleen Flood, Paisley, to Mr. Geo. M. Clark, Toronto, will take place at the residence of the bride's parents on Wednesday Oct. 6.

Mr. and Mrs. McCallum have taken a very pleasant suite at the King Edward for the winter. Mrs. MacCallum is most welcome back to many a bright circle of her women friends, with whom she was always most popular, and is very glad to be back in Toronto after four years' absence.

Mrs. T. H. Gilmour gave a housewarming tea in her lovely new home, 171 St. George street, to a number of friends on Wednesday, and as it was almost the first home entertainment of the season, it was unusually gay and enjoyable. Mrs. McCullough of Brandon, Mrs. Gilmour's guest in whose honor the tea was arranged, received with the hostess, and seldom have as handsome and smartly dressed women welcomed their guests. Mrs. Will Gilmour poured tea in the dining-room where the table was very pretty with pink rosebuds and a centrepiece of exquisite embroideries. Miss Kate Wardrop poured coffee in a cosy little sunroom off the dining room, where a tiny refreshment table supplemented the tea table. Among the ladies greeting each other after summer travel, and exchanging merry experiences and good stories were Mrs. Elmore Harris, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. MacCallum, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mrs. Sykes, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Shedden Laidlaw, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Mrs. Maudeville Merritt, Mrs. Collingwood McLeod, Mrs. W. Crowther, Mrs. G. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. McPherson and her guest Mrs. Durant of Washington, D.C., Mrs. Cowan, Miss Michie, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Miss Smart, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Fred Somerville, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. McGaw, Mrs. D. King Smith, Mrs. Macklem, Mrs. Folingsley, Mrs. Driffield, Miss Kay.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who is entertaining a large party at Dunrobin Castle, the ancient and picturesque stronghold of their race.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, the Mistress of the Robes, who with the Duke holds high state at Drumlanrig Castle during the Scottish season.

Miss Evelyn Somerville of Atherly is visiting friends in Niagara Falls, where she is one of a pleasant house party, assembled to attend a smart wedding next week. Miss Somerville will probably visit friends in Buffalo before returning to town.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Hoskins and Mrs. W. H. P. Jarvis received a great number of callers at Mrs. Hoskins' residence in Avenue Road, where Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis received the good wishes of their wedding guests last July. The bride wore her graceful robe des noces, and her mother was splendidly handsome in black with touches of jet. Mrs. Hoskins and Mrs. Jarvis were assisted by the Misses Hoskins who presided at the tea-table. Pretty flowers were everywhere, and the weather was kind to all concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis have taken a flat in the St. George, and are now settling their Lares and Penates therein.

Mrs. M. A. Thomas is visiting her niece Mrs. Peabody in Michigan Avenue, Chicago, accompanied by her daughter Adele.

Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones are giving a dinner for Rev. and Mrs. Crawford Brown next Tuesday evening at Llawhaden. Since her return to town, Mrs. Crawford Brown has been suffering from a cold contracted during her trip to Ottawa, and has been kept in her room. The guests at Tuesday's dinner will include some of the older friends of the family, and it will be a formal function.

Mr. Long Innes, of the Ordnance Department, returned from a visit to his people in England some weeks ago, and had the misfortune to contract an attack of diphtheria, which confined him to the Isolation Hospital for some time. He is now quite recovered, and is recuperating at the Cottage Hospital, Wellesley street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker are removing to Edgar Avenue near St. Andrew's College, after a residence of nearly a score of years at 596 Spadina Avenue. Miss Madeline Walker is having a glorious time in Winnipeg and will not be home until later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McWhinney have returned from England. Mr. and Mrs. D'Eynecourt Strickland have taken a house in Spadina Road. Mrs. George Minty of Winnipeg, nee Weatherston, is visiting her people in Bathurst Street. Mrs. Paget has returned to Ottawa.

Mr. James J. Stone announces the engagement of his youngest daughter, Frances, to Mr. J. Hamilton Brown, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter Brown, the marriage to take place early in November.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Clare Falls, only child of Mr. John C. Falls of Winnipeg, and Mr. Harold Delamere Patterson, was celebrated last month in Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, Ven. Archdeacon Fortin officiating. The decorations were beautiful consisting of palms, ferns, white asters and sweet peas. Mr. George M. Patterson was his brother's best man, and Miss Bruce Fraser of Toronto, and Miss May Lackner of Berlin, were bridesmaids. The bride wore a robe of heavy ivory satin, with rose point, and bugle and silver trimmings. A tulle veil elaborately embroidered and which had been worn at her bridal by the bride's grandmother, was held by a crown of orange blossoms. The boquet was of roses and lily of the valley and her jewel a pearl and tourmaline pendant, the gift of the groom. Miss Lackner wore white satin touched with gold, as was also her cavalier hat with sweeping white plumes. Miss Fraser wore blue satin and hat to match, their boquets being of Richmond roses tied with gold cord. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Falls held a reception at Avelreagh in Roslyn Road. The surroundings were artistic and lovely music and flowers adding to the happy hour, and when the dejeuner was served, Archdeacon Fortin proposed the bride's health. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson went West on their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a tabac brown rajah suit, and large brown moire hat, faced with black velvet. The bridal gifts, arranged in the billiard room, evoked great admiration.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles are in Winnipeg. Dr. and Mrs. Lang arrived from England last week, and are in their apartment at the Alexandra.

Mrs. H. H. O'Flynn held her first receptions since her marriage on Thursday and yesterday afternoons at her home in Lowther avenue.

Mrs. Durant of Washington is visiting Mrs. McPherson, 556 Bathurst street.

The Victoria Club Ball is under the distinguished patronage of the Honorary President, His Excellency Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada. Her Excellency Lady Grey, Lady Clark, Mrs. W. de Leigh Wilson, Mrs. R. Millichamp, Mrs. J. B. Kay, Mrs. Sweny of Rehalion, Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Frederick Glackmeyer, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mrs. George Higinbotham, Mrs. Oliver Adams, Mrs. J. Harry Paterson, Mrs. R. S. Wilson and Mrs. William Fuce. A large general committee of members and various sub-committees are working enthusiastically making the many arrangements necessary to success in such a large affair as the ball will be. Only four hundred invitations are to be issued, and the fortunate recipients will see a wonderful transformation of the spacious rink in a veritable semblance of fairyland. Mr. de Leigh Wilson, the President of the Victoria Club, and his officers are sparing no pains to ensure a great success.

Miss Winifred Cross will make her debut this season. She was much admired on Wednesday at her aunt's, Mrs. Gilmour, tea, where she was assisting. Miss Muriel Bruce is also to come out this year. So the list is growing, and at least a score of girls are looking forward to entering society with the conflicting emotions peculiar to the debutante. I hear that Mr. de Leigh Wilson's eldest daughter will be of the number, and also Miss Wallace, daughter of Rev. W. G. Wallace, and grand-daughter of Mr. J. L. Blaikie. Miss Massey, of Rosedale, is not coming out until next year. Miss Phyllis Moffatt, who is spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. John Wright, in St. Alban street, will come out this season.

October 10, next Sunday week, has been named for the Garrison church parade to Massey Hall at three o'clock.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee will receive at her apartment in the Alexandra on the first and third Wednesdays.

The marriage of Mr. W. Grant Morden and Miss Doris Henshaw will, I hear, take place on November 17, in Vancouver, B.C.

The Strollers' Club, 70 King street east, has been reorganized, and has issued a business-like circular for the coming season. Mr. Rupert G. Muntz is president, Mr. James W. Barry honorary secretary, and Mr. Arthur H. Edwards honorary treasurer. The committee includes Messrs. Gerard Muntz, Austin R. Campbell, Rupert G. Codd, T. E. Menzies, Oliver W. Adams, H. L. Rous, Stanley Sweatman, Arthur B. McMurrich, E. C. G. Chambers, Louis Monahan, Victor Heron, and Harry Bourlier. Miss M. C. Shutt is the club secretary. The club year is now current, and members' fees are $5 for gentlemen and $3 for lady members.

Mrs. Lawrence Buchan spent a few days in town this week, on her way to London, where she is visiting her daughter Mrs. John Kaye, at Wolsley Barracks.

The Hunt Club will hold a gymkhana next Saturday afternoon on the polo grounds at the club.

Mrs. D. D. Mann and her son Mr. Donald Mann have returned from England.

Mrs. Alec Cartwright was up from Ottawa for a short visit this week and is looking extremely well.

Mr. W. R. Brock has returned from a short trip to England. The Misses Brock are remaining there for some time.

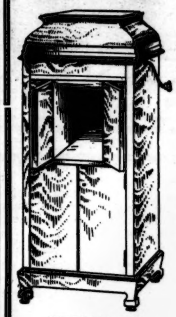
It is announced that the marriage of Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell and Miss Anna Caldwell McLanagan, will take place in Chicago, on November 17th.

Miss Muriel Burrows has gone abroad for the winter. Mrs. Corey, Huron street, has gone to Chicago. Captain and Mrs. Reginald Pellatt are on their way home from England.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra will take rooms at the Prince George on Mrs. Cawthra's return from England.

The marriage of Captain J. Drummond Mackay, R.O., formerly of the Royal Grenadiers, and Miss Clara Smith, which takes place on Monday, was to have been the *raison d'etre* of a very jolly dinner at the Military Institute last night, a large number of Captain Mackay's old military chums having begun the arrangements, but owing to several recent deaths in the family of the bridegroom elect he did not desire a public testimony of the affection and esteem felt by his old friends, so the dinner was called off.

The Victrola



THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE

in the reproduction of sound waves is forcefully demonstrated in this wonderful Instrument.

The photographed voices of the greatest living singers, the finest selections of the greatest instrumental artists, the military bands, or the sweet, soothing tones of a famous orchestra can be heard with all their natural tone color on The Victrola.

It combines the best in every branch of musical expression.

VICTROLA XVI
Quartered Oak - - - $240
Mahogany - - - - $300
Circassian Walnut - - $300

SEE THE NEW STYLE VICTROLA, $150

Pollock Cabinets (Hornless) **$50, $80, $125**

In our new Phonograph Parlors you can select in quiet and comfort from the most complete record stock in Canada.

HEADQUARTERS FOR VICTOR & EDISON

The R. S. **WILLIAMS** & SONS CO. LIMITED . . .
143. YOUNG STREET

SEPTEMBER WEDDINGS
Bridal Flowers, House and Church Decorations

Dunlop's 96 YONGE ST. Toronto

will cheerfully furnish you with designs or suggestions. We grow our own flowers, and can assure only the freshest being sent. Steamer orders delivered on board any steamer leaving any port, and safe arrival guaranteed.

THE "SAVOY"
(YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.)

Japanese Tea Room
A cosy spot for Afternoon Teas, Luncheons, Ice Cream, etc.

Soda Fountain
Delicious Ice Cream, Sodas, Sundaes, Frappes and Parfaits.

Candies
Chocolates, Bon Bons, Marshmallows, Caramels and Cream Almonds, Salted Almonds and Favors.

Special Lunch Every Day From 12 Till 2, For Busy People and Shoppers.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL 11 O'CLOCK.

BOUQUETS FOR FALL BRIDES

Something new and different "The Empire Shower Effect" dainty, delicate and well liked by the most critical.

American Beauty Roses, Violets, Orchids, Chrysanthemums and all seasonable varieties of flowers.

Dillemuth FLORIST

2 Stores: 123 King St. West, 438 Spadina Ave., TORONTO
Guarantee Safe Delivery in Good Condition

OCTOBER'S WILES

October's sun is harder on delicate complexions than is midsummer's.

October's penetrating winds are dust and microbe laden.

Women who covet beautiful complexions guard against the ill effects of sun and wind by using Campana's Italian Balm.

It beautifies the complexion and is antiseptic and soothing.

For twenty-seven years it has proved its merits.

25c. a bottle at all druggists, or direct from the sole agent.

E. G. WEST & COMPANY - - 176 King St. East, Toronto

C. J. TOWNSEND, 68 King Street East

Antique Mahogany Furniture

RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM ENGLAND

Comprising Dining Tables, Card Tables, Tea Tables, Snap Tables, Loo Tables, Sofa Tables, Teapoys, Buffets, Bureaus, Dressers, Highboys, Wardrobes, Cheffoniers, Empire Couches, Venetian, Sheraton, Hipplewhite, Chippendale and Adams Chairs. Inlaid Tea Tables, Trays, Wine Tables, Pie Crust Tables, Canopy Bedsteads, Sheffield Tea Sets, Trays, Cheval Glasses, a number of artistic Drawing-room Mirrors, Sideboards, etc.

The whole forming a Very Attractive Collection to be Sold by Private Sale at Prices Lowest in the Trade, all marked in plain figures.

NOW ON VIEW ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

ON EXHIBITION SHORTLY

An Imposing Collection of

GOOD PICTURES

The finest we have yet received. The most particular of critics will be pleased with this collection. Write for catalogue.

C. J. TOWNSEND, 68 King Street East

"FROM Workhouse to Westminster," by George Haw (Cassel and Company, publishers, London and Toronto), is an interesting, though fragmentary outline of the life of Will Crooks, the Labor Member of the British House of Commons, who has been in Toronto this week. Distinction is given to the volume by an introduction by no less a commentator than G. K. Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton points out that Will Crooks stands unique among the leaders and representatives of labor in England. He notes that representative government is peculiar in this way: that the representative is expected to be two quite different things—the type and the instrument of what he represents. The first, as Mr. Chesterton strikingly puts it, "is like the shadow a man throws on the wall; the second is like the stone he throws over the wall." But seldom does a representative of any party perform both these functions, and anyway, as the brilliant G. K. adds: "To send one's challenge is not to send one's photograph. When Ajax hurled a stone at his enemy, it was not a stone carved in the image of Ajax." Most parliamentary representatives are, therefore, simply missiles. Mr. Balfour is mentioned as a particularly bright and sharp missile, and, therefore, very unlike the Tory squires he represents. (And, by the way, how effective this would all be if used as campaign literature by a real farmer seeking election in a rural Canadian constituency, in opposition to a professional man!) But Will Crooks, M.P., is not only a missile of the Labor party, but its picture, too. His effectiveness "lies not in the fact that he expresses the claims of the populace, which twenty dons at Oxford would be ready to express; it is that he expresses the populace, its strong tragedy and its strong farce." He is, Mr. Chesterton unreservedly and emphatically asserts, "the only modern Labor Member who represents, who symbolizes, or who even remotely suggests the real laboring men of London." And we are told that if the People of England ever enter politics in real earnest, to sweep away all misrepresentation, "it will be able to point only to one figure, powerful, pathetic, humorous, and very humble, who bore in any way upon his face the sign and star of its authority."

Turning from the brilliant introduction to the biography itself, the reader, if he were without sympathy for such a story, would find it rather commonplace. But the earnest reader will be grateful that the biographer has not attempted to emulate the literary skill of Mr. Chesterton, and that wherever possible he has recorded the struggles and achievement and hopes of Mr. Crooks in the latter's own words, as he has heard him express himself. And the earnest reader, whatever his opinions or prejudices may be, cannot fail of being touched and sobered by the story of this simple, honest, greatly useful man.

He was born in a one-roomed home in the London borough of Poplar in 1852, one of a family of seven children. When he was three years old, his father, a ship's stoker, lost an arm. His mother worked and managed gallantly, but at last the family had to go for a time to the poorhouse. As soon as he could work, Will Crooks became a blacksmith's apprentice, and later a cooper. At the latter trade he worked as a journeyman until he was elected to the London County Council in 1892, an honor which resulted from his growing prominence as an agitator for aid for the unemployed and better conditions for workmen. Previous to entering national politics, he was also made Mayor of Poplar—the first working Mayor ever known in Greater London.

In 1903 Lord Charles Beresford was given command of the Channel fleet and resigned his Parliamentary seat in Woolwich, to which he had been returned by acclamation. At the last election there a Conservative had won by a majority of 2,805. Crooks was nominated by the Labor League to make a seemingly hopeless fight for the seat. He was elected by a majority of 3,229! He has been a Member of Parliament ever since. The question is often asked, How can a man like Crooks give his whole time to public work? It is answered by his biographer. When the Labor League asked Crooks to enter the London County Council they knew he would have to give up work, so they raised for him by subscription £3 a week. This was later increased to £4 a week. As a Member of Parliament (there are no sessional allowances in England), he receives from the League $1,000 a year, and a small additional sum from other associations. On this amount he maintains himself and his family, all of whom are growing up to be, like himself, members of the working class. He has refused several tempting offers of managerial positions, preferring as he says, not to rise from the ranks, but to remain there.

* * *

George Meredith's manuscripts are acquiring a high value. He gave to his gardener and valet, Frank Cole, three of these—"Diana of the Crossways," "The Amazing Marriage" and "Lord Ormont and His Aminta"—and their happy possessor says that he has already been offered $2,500 for one of them, probably the "Diana."

* * *

With the coming of autumn we have announcements of new books by many of the leading British authors. A new novel by H. G. Wells, entitled "Ann Veronica," will be issued in a few weeks. Henry James also has a story ready for publication. Thomas Hardy has disappointed his admirers by writing, not a new novel, but a volume of verse called "Time's Laughing Stocks and Other Poems." Rudyard Kipling's new book, to be published within a month, has for a title "Actions and Reactions." A novel by Robert Herrick, "A Life for a Life," will be published soon. It is suggested that this title has been used before—by Mrs. Oliphant, was it not? The name of Robert Hichen's new novel has been changed from "The Knock on the Door" to "Bella Donna." Our own Sir Gilbert Parker has also completed his great, annual achievement of writing the champion heavyweight novel of the season.

* * *

A fortnight or so ago there appeared on this page a short article concerning Ambrose Bierce, "the enigma of American literature," a writer who is actually a cult in California, and whose stories have been translated into many European languages, but who remains practically unknown outside his provincial circle of admirers. But at least one Ontario reader knows him both as a man and a writer, as will be seen by a perusal of the following letter:

Dear "Hal": In your page on Books and Authors in Saturday Night, in a recent issue, you wonder how many of your readers have ever heard of Ambrose Bierce. I am one of the lucky few who knew him as a young man, and the picture you gave of him is wonderfully lifelike. I knew him in Elkhart, Indiana, where he spent a good portion of his holiday with his brother, Al Bierce, who married a cousin of mine, a Canadian girl. We were always quiet when "Am" began to talk, and his writings were then read far and wide, but the author kept in obscurity. He was not often "funny," but when so inclined he was brilliant beyond description. He was exceedingly gentle in manner and speech, particularly to those older than himself, and so we forgot, when with him, his terrifically brutal force in some of his writings.

So when I read your "wonder" I immediately thought I would tell you there was one living here, born here, who knew this peculiarly gifted writer in his youth and after he had become, as we used to assure him, famous. I hope to own a set of the gorgeous volumes of his works, of which you speak, for I know they will be worth printing.

Yours truly, H. B. S.

Cobourg, Ont., September 20, 1909.

* * *

The Western (West Toronto) branch of the Public Library was formally opened on Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the auditorium of the Library, when speeches were delivered by Messrs. H. T. Kelly, K.C., Chairman of the Board; A. B. Rice, Chairman of the Board of Management when West Toronto was a separate municipality, and W. A. Baird, former Mayor of West Toronto. Mr. N. B. Gash, K.C., Chairman of the Library Committee, presided. This building was erected by the people of West Toronto with the assistance of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and is very attractive architecturally as well as being a comfortable resort for readers.

* * *

Recently a new word burst upon London—the word "swank." Of a sudden it was in every mouth, at any rate in every Cockney mouth. "Swank" means humbug; likewise it means "side" combined with humbug. A week or so ago some one used the word in court, and the judge—for judges in London seem to be quite as fastidious as judges in Toronto—complained that he was unacquainted with its meaning. Then some literary gentleman, curiously inclined, hunted up the origin of "swank." It was found to be a good old word which has long been used in the dialect of west country people in England. How it arrived in London is a mystery. It is remarkable too how old words of simple, serious meaning every little while turn up as new slang words. Yet sometimes even these had their use perverted years ago. For example while renewing acquaintance with "Adam Bede" the other evening I came upon the word "sure" in the mouth of Dinah Morrison, one of the most serious characters in fiction, and used just as it is so often used to-day instead of "certainly."

* * *

It may not be generally known that Mrs. Browning was not only considered by common consent the first woman poet in England, but she was held in such high esteem that she was proposed for the vacant post of Poet Laureate. In an article in The Athenæum in June, 1850, one of the editors held that "no better choice could be made as a successor to Wordsworth."

* * *

Here is a sensible little rhyme from Lippincott's Magazine. It is printed in prose form as an illustration—for the benefit of local poets—of the fact that sensible verse reads as well one way as another: "When some fiction writers try their thoughts to give us hot, we get e-rot-ic novels—with the accent on the *rot*."

HAL.

BIG GAME SEASON

Will soon be here. Secure publication "Haunts of Fish and Game," containing full information, maps and game laws, free at City Ticket office of Grand Trunk Railway System, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209, or address J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

Lace Curtains

Attention is invited to our Fall offerings in Lace Curtains.

The assortments are large and include period and other designs of unusual beauty in these noted makes:—

POINT VENISE BRUSSELS POINT
POINT RENAISSANCE
IRISH POINT CONNEMARA
HAND-MADE CLUNY
TORCHON FILET TANEBOUR

Lace Curtains, Panels and Bed Spreads made to order in any size or design.

John Kay Company
Limited
36-38 King St. West, - Toronto

C.B. a la Spirite Corsets

FOR THE WOMEN OF FASHION

A FEW WORDS about C. B. A LA SPIRITE CORSETS, the most popular of all brands of fine corsage in America. Rather a sweeping statement, but abundantly borne out by facts that prove that more women are wearing C. B. A LA SPIRITE CORSETS to-day than any other make.

This store is selling agent for C. B. A LA SPIRITE CORSETS, a full range of which can always be found here in stock.

C. B. CORSETS are the short cut to the fashionable figure of the moment. Many of the newer designs are modelled upon extreme lines in accord with latest modes, while there are many others of more conservative design.

Most women have come to realize the absolute importance of careful corsetting if they would attain the ideal figure and the correct foundation for the modish, snug-fitting gowns. Many women have found that the C. B. A LA SPIRITE CORSET meets every requirement. Thousands of fashionable women owe the graceful contour and poise of their figures to the C. B. model specially intended for their particular wear.

We have the range of the latest C. B. models which we cordially invite you to come and see. Expert corsetiers will explain the many superior features of C. B. A LA SPIRITE CORSETS.

Twenty-seven models of C. B. A LA SPIRITE CORSETS, for medium, slender and stout figures, here for your inspection. Ranging in price from $1.25 to $9.00 a pair.

Casement Windows and the Curtains

All over America the newly built houses are being equipped with casement windows opening out or in as the case may be. To meet the demand for artistic curtaining for casement windows it is no exaggeration to say we have ransacked the markets of the world.

We have found our ideal—quaint old-fashioned fabrics, yet, after all, modern in their artistic spirit and thoroughly up-to-date in their weaving and coloring, in a series of cloths manufactured in the United States and called

Colonial Casement Fabrics

We chose a very big range of the designs turned out under this name, and have the exclusive right of their sale in Toronto. We invite all admirers of casement windows to come and see them. Considering their artistic merit, colonial casement fabrics are wonderfully cheap, 45 inches wide, 25c. per running yard.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Brightness and Freshness of youth are preserved to the complexion by CRÈME POUDRE SAVON SIMON

From all Chemists and Perfumers

Eyes will age just as surely as grey hairs will come. The glasses that suited ten years ago will not serve their purpose now. Don't make the mistake of thinking they will.

POTTER TESTS EYES

By his skilled and correct methods you can learn what is wanted. See him.

Chas. Potter, 85 Yonge St.
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

ONE CENT

is all it costs to toast twelve slices of bread on an

ELECTRIC TOASTER

You may try one free for five days. Phone Main 3975

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED
12 Adelaide St., East

CATERING
FOR WEDDINGS RECEPTIONS, Etc.
SAGE & CO.
245 COLLEGE ST. PHONE COLL. 666

GALEN HALL

HOTEL AND SANATORIUM ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
With its elegant comfort, its superior table and service and curative and tonic baths with trained attendants, is an ideal place for a long or short stay.
F. L. YOUNG, Gen'l Manager.

FOR WEDDINGS

A NEW STYLE CAKE PLATE

Besides being used for cake, this dish comes in very handy for a sandwich plate. It is a combination of fine cut glass and fine silver plate. Centre is handsome cut glass dish, and around this is a wide rim of pierced silver with floral applied decoration, making a very rich effect. This plate is 11 inches in diameter and sells for $8.00.

NEW CASSEROLE DISHES

This new line of Bake Dishes, Pie Plates and Egg Dishes are very popular at present—priced from $5.00 to $12.00.

AMBROSE KENT & SONS, LIMITED
156 Yonge St., Toronto
Established 1866.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

On Saturday there were many rival attractions to the races, the principal one being the visit of the English lady golfers who were playing and being entertained at the Lambton Golf Club. Mr. Austins gave a dinner in their honor in the evening, and Mrs. T. M. Harris was hostess of a luncheon at mid-day. The weather was not all that could be desired, but the players found enough time to go through without rain, and enjoyed the famous course very much.

Mr. Jas. Clotworthy, of Montreal, formerly of Langside, Glasgow, Scotland, is visiting relatives at 112 Robert street.

An earnest worker among the poor and afflicted was Mrs. Sykes (formerly Harriet Bruenech, a sister of the well-known artist, Mr. George Bruenech), whose death occurred recently. Mrs. Sykes died after a long siege of suffering, and by her decease the poor have lost a priceless friend, and her family a much-loved member.

Mrs. R. C. Clute and Miss Clute have returned from Europe, and are at their residence, 19 Walmer road.

Dr. and Mrs. Lang are home from England, and are occupying their flat at the Alexandra.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup, of Offendene, Belleville, were in town for a short visit last week. They spent their holidays this year in the Maritime Provinces and Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Henry W. Standart, of Detroit, was in town on Monday for a day's shopping. She returned to her home the same night.

The closing day of the Jockey Club's Fall Meeting last Saturday presented some excellent racing, and the attendance was as good as the card. The unfortunate rain storm which descended in time to catch many unprepared, was a disagreeable close to what promised to be a lovely afternoon. However, one must accept fair and foul with equanimity in meteorological matters, only insisting on the former quality in racing affairs. During the race meet many interesting visitors set foot for the first time on Toronto's beautiful Woodbine lawn, and one man has written me in wild enthusiasm over the sport, the view, and the attentions he received. "I did not suppose such a re-union of irreproachable people, such gay and yet decorous pleasure, such freedom of young and old, a regular happy family party, was possible at a race meeting. It certainly isn't anywhere else that I have been, and I am familiar with race meets all over the world," he writes. "I think you owe the high tone and general pleasantness of your race meets to the Toronto ladies, young and old, who come in pretty coteries, expecting to be as shielded and safe as on a croquet lawn. What they expect they get, and this is to me an unique race-course experience." This visitor has something further to say about the charming little tea boudoir where Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Burritt, and the smart Hamilton ladies are such thoughtful and gracious hostesses. It really needs an outsider occasionally to awaken the habitues of the Woodbine to the many excellencies of its management.

The Countess of Mar and Kellie, well known and very popular in society. A great personal friend of His Majesty and sister to Lady Maud Warrender.

The marriage of Miss Myra Thomson, only daughter of Mr. Jerome Thomson, Sharbot Lake, and Mr. Herbert M. Taylor, of Regina, formerly of Perth, will take place in St. Andrew's Anglican church, Oct. 14, at 10 o'clock, and Mrs. Thomson will afterwards hold a reception for the bride and groom at the family residence.

This afternoon at half-past two o'clock, the Aura Lee Club will hold their annual athletic meet at the club grounds. The president, officers and members have sent out cards to their friends for the event, of which Mr. R. Sidney Woollatt is secretary.

Mr. Will Hees, of New York, is in town. At time of writing the condition of his mother, Mrs. George H. Hees, was very serious, and her decease not to be long averted. The long and trying illness which has mastered her strength, has been borne by Mrs. Hees with remarkable fortitude. Her noble qualities of heart and head render her near-taking from her family and friends a deplorable event, and the greatest sympathy is with all concerned.

The Toronto Hunt Polo Club gave three matches this week on Woodbine Park—an ideal place for the sport. Tuesday Montreal played Buffalo, Thursday Montreal played Toronto, and to-day Toronto and Buffalo are players. Major Elmsley, Captain Van Straubenzee, Captain Douglas Young, and Mr. McBrien are the Toronto team.

Quite a large party of admirers of the Q.O.R., and a smart party of ladies repaired to the Rifle Ranges on the Lake Shore, west of Toronto, last Saturday, to see the shooting and enjoy the very tempting tea. The latter was served in the bungalow, Lady Pellatt and some of the officer's wives welcoming the company, and being most affable hostesses. Quite a new feature was the shooting by members of the Ladies' Rifle Association, Mrs. Bert Barker, Mrs. Royce and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord, doing very well indeed. Petite Mrs. Winnett also did some good shooting, though she did not adopt the regulation attitude "prone" as the rules demand. The day was very fine, and the party returned to town in high spirits, by train and motor before the rain. Sir Frederick Borden was the guest of Sir Henry Pellatt for the day, and looked very well, but is minus those cute whiskers which become him so well. The Grenadiers have their shoot this afternoon.

Captain and Mrs. John Kay have taken up their residence in Wolsley Barracks, London.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Mrs. Douglas Young sailed from England for Canada on Thursday.

Mrs. Calderwood returned last week from the Atlantic seacoast, where she spent a delightful summer.

Two clever little maidens, Miss Louise Macdonald and Miss Ruth Smith, next-door neighbors in Huron street, have gone to Miss Edgar's school in Montreal to continue their education.

On next Wednesday, the marriage of Miss Abbie Morrison and Mr. Frank Allan takes place at 2.30, in the Church of St. Augustine. On Thursday, Miss Alice Baines and Mr. Frederick Clarkson will be married at 2.30 in St. George's church, and on Saturday, Miss Augustine Adams and Mr. Douglas Laird will be privately married, and Mrs. Adams will hold a reception in their honor at four o'clock, at her residence, 55 Glen road.

Mrs. Lambe, of Fallingbrook, has her two sisters, the Misses Reid, of Melbourne, with her, and there is a very jolly house-party in the charming home on Scarboro Cliff. The three sisters went over to the Falls for the week-end, and returned on Monday, and Miss Beverley Lambe is to be presented to Mrs. Lambe's friends at her coming-out tea this afternoon. She is a graceful and attractive girl, who will make many friends this winter.

Mrs. W. Crowther is bringing out her second daughter this season.

Mrs. Gilmour has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Plummer, and has been much entertained by old friends in town. She left for Ottawa this week. On Tuesday, Mrs. Walter S. Lee gave a tiny luncheon to a few very intimate friends, of which Mrs. Gilmour was guest of honor.

The President of the High Park Golf Club and Mrs. Kammerer are giving an At Home at the Links, Lake Shore road, this afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock. The Grand Trunk 1.30 and 2 p.m. trains stop at the Links, and the T. & R. Radial Railway leaves Sunnyside sharp on the hour, returning at fifteen minutes past each hour. An informal dance will be held in the evening for which the orchestra will remain.

Mrs. Lawrence Browne, formerly Mabel Rae, is expected from England this month on a visit to her people.

Next Tuesday afternoon, at a big tea at Heydon Villa, Mrs. George T. Denison will introduce her daughter, Miss Clare Denison, to her friends.

Captain Harold Lumb has accepted a position in the financial world in Toronto, and will remain in town. Mrs. Lumb (formerly Maude Field, of Brockville) will come to Toronto later on in the season.

Some weeks ago the stork called upon Sir John and Lady von Hougenhouck Tulleken at their home in The Hague, Holland, with the gift of a nice little daughter. Lady Tulleken was one of Toronto's prettiest girls at her marriage, and as Frances Dignum was very popular. She has now a little son and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Burk, of Port Arthur, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Clara Isabell Burk, to Dr. John Pratt, of Port Arthur, eldest son of Mr. John Pratt, of Bellwood, Ontario.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary S Guthrie, of Reston, Man., and Mr. Donald F. Robertson of Ottawa. The marriage will take place this autumn

---

The aviation craze in London and in Paris has been succeeded by the Eskimo craze. Last week there was a moral certainty that hats were to be large, in fact larger than ever before. Milliners were drawing inspiration from the broad wings of the aeroplanes and the aero hat was to be a feature of winter headgear. Now comes all the north pole excitement, and who can think of aeroplanes? The very latest of everything is Eskimo. There are Eskimo caps and Eskimo gloves, and before long shop windows will have goods labelled "recherche Eskimo coats," etc. At one hotel the day after the news of Peary's achievement arrived an Eskimo luncheon was served. The menu was as follows: Hors d'œuvres, Saumon fume Scandinave, Œufs de penguin a l'Eskimo, Poularde casserole Nobluff, Cuisson d'oursin a la Nansen, Haricot panaches. Pommes croquettes, Grouse a la gelee, Salade Alaska, Cook's mer de glace, Fruits du nord.

Why not, asks The New York Evening Mail, select baseball teams composed of those disposed to give Cook first credit and those who believe the laurels are all Peary's, and play it off?

WISS
Trimming Scissors
have sharp points and are perfectly adjusted. They do not chew the cloth but cut clean the whole length of the blades and have a lasting cutting quality.
Look for the name on the blade, it is our guarantee to satisfy you—or your money back.
For Sale wherever Good Cutlery is sold.
Send for our free book, "Pointed Sharpness," which illustrates and prices many different patterns for various uses.
J. WISS & SONS CO., 9-33 Littleton Ave., NEWARK, N.J., U.S.A.

YOU ENJOY CURING A COLD AT COOK'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS

More people have benefited by Cook's Turkish Baths this Fall than ever before—it is a positive fact that a fresh cold can be broken up by a couple of hours here, and an attack of grip can be avoided. When you have that shivery, achy feeling, come here and you will not only break up the cold and help your rheumatism, but you will enjoy yourself. You can stay all night, have an appetizing supper, a bed in the sleeping apartments, or a private room, breakfast in the morning. You will then feel like a new man.

COOK'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS
Established 1874. Phone Main 1286.
202 and 204 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Ashby-Jackson
MILLINERY
113½ WEST KING STREET

HIGH-GRADE WINES

The holiday season now over, it is time to stock your wine cellar, and we invite you to come and go through our extensive vaults, where we carry a very large assortment of all grades of wines.

QUALITY

is what you are assured of when buying your wines and liquors from us.

THE WM. MARA CO.,
WINE MERCHANTS, 79 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
Phones Main 1708 and Main 1709.
VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St., and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E.

The "BISON"
For Hot Weather Comfort
A Castle Brand Favorite
3 for 50c.

Made in Berlin by
At 2 for 25c. you can buy this shape in Elk Brand named "CARMONA." 105

Guaranteed Unshrinkable
The WOLSEY Pure Wool Underwear
Feel its silky texture. Notice the absence of harshness and roughness and see how well it is made.
At all Leading Dealers

LABATT'S ALE
Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.
PURE
WHOLESOME
PALATABLE
BEVERAGE

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD
There may be lots of "good" breads, but you want only the best on your table.
Bredin's Home-made is the best bread it's possible to make, for everything in it is the finest.
That it goes into thousands of homes daily is the best proof of its quality and tastiness.
5 cents the loaf.
Bredin's Bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas sts. Phone Parkdale 1555.

Phone Main 351. 28 Toronto St.
M. J. O'KEEFFE
FIRE PLACES
FLOOR AND WALL TILES
TORONTO

BUG---A NO-ACCOUNT DOG

By PETER O'DEE

THEY called him Bug from the start — ever since he was brought to Locust Farm in a crate with breathing holes in the top side. When John opened the crate and let him out, he tore around and around in a circle till John and the hired man thought he had a fit. He barked and jumped and took after the hens in a smother of feathers and wild cackles. Of course, he was only showing his joy at his recovered freedom, but the evidence he gave of levity of character and an irresponsible disposition resulted in his being christened Bug on the spot, as a delicately veiled insinuation that he had some form of canine paranoia. And whether it was due to his having been given a bad name, or to the effect of the train-trip on his youthful mind, Bug he remained by name and by nature from that day forth.

He was supposed to be a herding dog, and he was—mostly. On his mother's side his collie ancestry was unblemished, but there were grave reasons to suspect that the lady in question had made a *mesalliance*. At any rate Bug was not of the pure collie strain. He was smaller, and his pelt was darker and coarser. But in spite of that—or perhaps on the ground that mongrels are sometimes brighter than the well bred—Bug had been sent to John as having the makings of a fine herder. And as he was a gift-dog, John had been effusively grateful, and had paid the express charges. Thus did Bug come to Locust Farm, and get a name.

As herding cows was to be Bug's business in life, there was no time lost in starting him at it. Sharp at three o'clock that afternoon John saddled up the sorrel pony, and calling to Bug started out across the creek to the big pasture, where the cows were scattered out over a wide stretch of meadow and bush. Shouting and cracking his whip, John rode amongst them, and slowly they all began to move towards the big barn in the distance. All except one or two—the inevitable one or two that make herding a work of some interest and occasional excitement. John thought this was an opportunity for Bug to display his ability. He waved his hat in the direction of the cows.

"Go, get them, boy—go, get them!" he shouted.

Bug went. Yelping with joy at the prospect of driving something, he streaked across the pasture, dodging big bushes and jumping small ones, till he came down on those two cows like a runaway automobile. One of them, a young Jersey, wheeled nimbly and started to lope off. The other, a huge Holstein, with a temper of anything but Dutch placidity, was slower turning, and before she could get under way Bug had nipped her heel. There was a sudden flirt of cloven hoofs, a brownish dog described a neat and fairly extensive parabola, and the air was filled with yelps. Bug slowly disentangled himself from the bush he had landed in, and came limping back to John.

"Good dog," said John, "that's the way to tackle 'em—you'll learn all right."

Bug wagged his tail feebly. He was in deep thought. And the result of his reflection was the conclusion that no cow should be tackled at the end she kicks with. He never tried it again. And there and then ended his effectiveness as a herder. Bug was a bright dog; but like some humans, he knew too much and saw too much and reasoned too much to ever do much work. From that day forth he would run at a cow's head or stand off and bark, but never did he come within range of those cloven heels. The cows soon found out that there was no danger of a sharp nip, and Bug's barking became for them as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

But though Bug was a mighty poor herder, he was a loveable little cuss. A whole lot of people who never amount to much have the knack of being liked; and Bug belonged to the same shiftless, worthless, amiable tribe. There was friendly interest in the wag of his tail, and a whole paean of welcome in his bark. He was bright, too, and took naturally to a number of parlor "stunts." He would sit up, and play dead, and fetch and carry like a spaniel.

"I don't believe your dad was much account," John told him once, "but I guess he had winning ways, all right."

So in spite of his failure in the serious work of life, Bug found favor in the eyes of John, who was lord and master of Locust Farm, and who lived all alone in the white house under the big trees. The hired man lived with his family on a little place of his own. But though John had been living alone ever since his last sister had gone off with a husband some months before, it was not in John's program to continue in a condition of such solitary blessedness. In fact he had already turned his mind to a young widow, who lived in the country town three miles away, and who had some money and a fair share of good looks—also a very considerable share of temper, if gossip was to be believed. She looked good

to John, however, who had practical notions in the matter of love; and it is possible that John looked good to her, for he was a presentable fellow, still on the right side of forty, and Locust Farm was regarded as one of the best dairy farms in the section. At any rate John had got into the habit of calling on the lady every now and then; and though he did not make very breathless haste in his courtship, it seemed to be progressing favorably.

At first John wouldn't bring Bug to town with him. This was while John cherished the delusion that he still might make a herder out of the collie pup. But when he came to realize that Bug would never be any good as a drover's dog, he decided that he might at least be a companion. So after that Bug used to run alongside the two-wheeled sulky whenever John went to town, whether on business or pleasure bent. (It is somewhat difficult to say under which head he would have ranked his courtship.) Anyway Bug used to go along, and true to his name and disposition he used to tear into every farmyard on the way and invariably come tearing out again with a couple of dogs madly seeking to collect a few souvenirs from him. Now and then they got one, and John would occasionally have to get off with a whip to prevent Bug being entirely distributed in the form of mementoes. But a sudden end was put to these adventures.

It was on a fine night in the latter part of November—clear and cold, but with a strong suggestion of snow in the air—that John hitched up the sulky and put off for town, with Bug trotting along between the wheels. Arrived at the lady's house, he tied up at the hitching-post, threw a blanket over the horse, and went in to talk about the winter prospects while the lady did plain sewing. Bug was left to keep the horse company. Things went on very slowly and serenely by the fireside, but outside the pace was much more rapid. While John droned along about his troubles with his stock, and she told of the difficulty of raising chickens and a pig in town, and of the impossibility of getting anything like a good girl at less than three dollars a week, dark clouds were flying across the heavens, first in mere shreds and filaments like so many skirmishers, but later in thick battalions. And it wasn't long before the snow began to fly. When John came to the door about ten o'clock the ground was already white.

"Well, now, who'd a' thought it?" said the lady.

John looked rather rueful.

"It does come up purty quick at this time of year," he remarked, and his eye travelled slowly back to the fireside, which could just be seen through an open door. The lady caught the glance, and looked down in charming confusion—widows know how.

"Sorry I can't ask you to stay the night," she said, "but Betsey's away, and I'm all alone. Of course I know it'd be all right, but then people are so funny," and she toyed with the sewing in her hands.

"Oh, that's all right—I'd have to be out early to look after the stock anyway, and I guess it's about as easy to go now as it would be in the morning—and a lot easier."

"But then it's kind o' lonesome going into a house where there's no one to—where there ain't no fire lightin' for you—"

"Yes, I've been thinkin' so fer some time back," and John forced considerable meaning in his eye. But then feeling he had gone quite far enough he bade her a hasty "Good-night!"

During the conversation Bug had slipped up to the door, and he saw the fire. He gazed at it wistfully and thought of the long white road home, and the open places where the wind cut. So when John rolled himself up as much as possible in the lap-robe, and snuggling down into his overcoat had started for home, Bug trailed after him in melancholy fashion. He dragged farther and farther behind. John paid no attention to him, being too busily engaged in trying to keep warm. Bug stopped. Slowly the sulky drew away from him and disappeared into the flaky distance. Then Bug turned and ran wildly for the house where the fire was. The lady's eye had looked inviting. Also, had she not many times given him scraps of meat, and even bits of cake on those visits, putting it out on a tin plate for him?

Bug came up to the door, and sitting down on his haunches started to whine. There was no answer. He whined louder, and then louder again, till it rose into a melancholy howl. Suddenly a window was thrown up and the lady's head was thrust out. she had just gone up to her room.

"Scat," she called in wrath, and made a motion as though to throw something, "get away, ye brute!"

The tone was not exactly inviting, but Bug barked hopefully and wagged his tail in a frantic demonstration of friendliness.

Suddenly she recognized him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?"

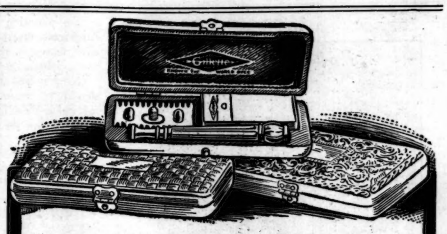
He yelped joyfully.

"Well, of all the nuisances—" she grumbled as she shut the window. But she decided to let him in. It was a stormy night. John had told her about him being used to sleeping in the farm-house, and said how quiet he was. He'd be good, too, as a watch-dog, now that Betsy was away—Betsy being an older sister who was visiting relatives.

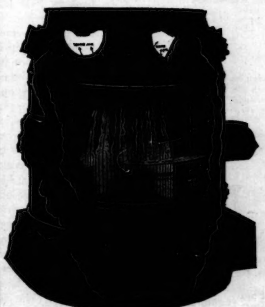
Bug nearly jumped over her head he was so delighted to get in. But she had a prompt and heavy hand, and Bug soon decided to moderate his transports. He was led in meek submission to a corner where a gunny-sack was thrown, and by dint of being pressed down onto it, was finally given to understand that this was his bed. Then the lights were turned out, and the lady turned in.

It wasn't a good night for sleeping—not for Bug. The noise of the storm outside, the strange place, the new sights, and the new smells, all affected his nerves. He grew restless. Finally he decided to investigate a little. Very quietly he started along the passage-way. All went well at first. But suddenly he felt a touch of warm fur on his leg. He jumped back in a fright with a stifled ki-yi. But the Thing didn't move. He crept towards it gingerly. Still it didn't move. It was furry and looked like an animal; but it lay very flat and still. Besides, it had a very peculiar smell. Finally he touched it with his paw. It seemed to creep a little, and with a snarl Bug jumped onto its back. It moved. It was alive all right. Also it was bigger, much bigger, than Bug. But he felt his courage rise, and he jumped into the Thing with four

(*Concluded on page* 19.)



The Little Friend To All Mankind
BUY a Gillette Safety Razor, New Pocket Edition, and put it on your dressing table.
Some morning, you will shave with it—then the "Gillette" will be as much of a hobby with you as it is with thousands of other men, the world over.
Have you never wished for one—say on a Sunday morning—or in a hundred emergencies when you knew you were not shaved but should be?
It is not something you have to learn—you just do it.
The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun metal—plain polished or richly figured. Handle and blade box either triple silver plated or 14K gold plated. Prices $5. to $7.50
Stores handling Gillette Safety Razors display Gillette signs in their windows and on their counters.
THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.
TRADE Gillette MARK
78

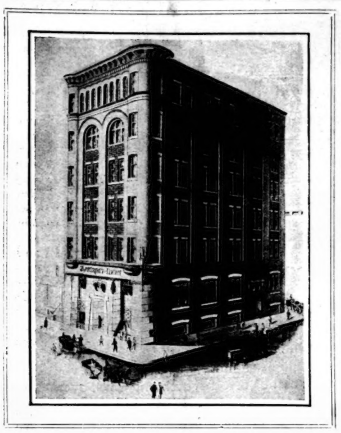


IT HEATS ALL THE ROOMS ALL THE TIME ALL ALIKE.
A continuous current of evenly warmed air is distributed to all parts, or any particular part of the building. This is done with an amount of coal which would be wholly inadequate with any other heater. There is the economy of coal, the even distribution of the heat, the perfect ventilation, absence of dust, gas and smoke, and no waste of heat in the basement.
Write for booklet and learn for your own knowledge all the facts of the Kelsey System.
THE KELSEY Warm Air Generator
The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co., Limited
BROCKVILLE, - ONT.

HOLBROOK'S
Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.
SAUCE
MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

STYLE · QUALITY · DISTINCTION
LINCOLN, BENNETT & Co. Ltd.
Grand Prix Paris, 1900.
By Appointment to H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND ROYAL FAMILY.
There's "character," style and high quality in every hat we make. It will pay you to look for the "Lincoln & Bennett" label.
Manufacturers of Silk, Felt and Straw Hats, and Tweed Caps.

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR
The most important part of your dress
Your underclothing is the most important part of your apparel. No matter how good or well made the rest of your clothing may be—if your underclothing does not fit or is uncomfortable, you cannot look or feel properly dressed. Just try "Ceetee" Underclothing—it will delight you.
All sizes for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show you "Ceetee."
THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited, GALT, ONT.
Manufacturers — Estab. 1859
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } Main { 6640 6641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries $1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, October 2, 1909. No. 51.

!?. Points About People .?!

Harriman's Thought for Others.

THAT the late E. H. Harriman, amid his multifarious duties, still found time to be kind, was illustrated just before he sailed for Europe last spring.

While in New York with his wife and family, though not considered a very sick man, the services of Miss Beatrice Evans, a Canadian trained nurse from historic old Niagara-on-the-Lake, were requisitioned. Not only did the cheque handed her when leaving exceed the regular charge made by her profession, but, a week later she was again surprised by receiving, with the compliments of the sick financier, a large bouquet of violets and lily of the valley "To wear to church on Easter Sunday."

George P.'s Start in Life.

IT is interesting to note how Hon. G. P. Graham, one of the shrewdest and most efficient members of the Laurier cabinet, first got his start in life. At school he was a diligent pupil and excelled in English composition. He was a rural pedagogue for a year, but finding the life too slow, gave it up and entered a general store in the village of Morrisburg. There he spent some months behind the counter parcelling sugar, butter, cotton, shirts and overalls.

One day his father, the late Rev. W. H. Graham, who was then a Methodist minister stationed in the neighboring town of Morrisburg, drove to Iroquois and called his son to the front of the shop.

"George," he said, "do you know what I have done? I have bought out The Morrisburg Herald for you and I want you to take hold and run it."

"Thank you, father," answered the youth. "I will do my best to make a success of the paper."

The plant was out of date and the place generally *hors de combat*. His father had made only a small payment down, but the young man set to work with determination and energy, and things began to move. In a few years, the debt was cleared off and the property greatly improved. The juvenile proprietor has a taste for public life and first entered upon his successful career as a public man by becoming a member of the village council. He discharged those duties so well that afterwards advancement was easy and rapid.

Back to Canada.

THIS is the way The Chicago Tribune looks on Canada's immigration problem:

"Don't be afraid you can't get people," said James J. Hill, encouragingly, to his Canadian hosts the other day. "There is no other place on the American continent where they can go." That was drawing it a little strong, considering the hundreds of thousands of men and women who stream into this country yearly and stay here. There are many Canadians who think this the only place on the American continent they can go to. As Mr. Hill said, about one out of every five persons born in the Dominion emigrates to the United States.

But Mr. Hill says they are going back to the land of their birth—that the land seekers from the Western States who are settling on the virgin Canadian wheat lands are "really former Canadians" who will be all the more useful to the Dominion because they have been educated along American lines.

This hardly squares with the facts. Of the English speaking Canadians who come here, few take to a farming life. They go into stores, banks and the professions. The great majority of the men who are now leaving the United States to cultivate Canadian wheat lands are American farmers, born and reared here. They understand their business thoroughly, and Canada could have no more valuable acquisitions.

That part of the continent owes much to the United States. There went the loyalists—or Tories—of the American revolution after the close of the war, but prior to the adoption of the constitution there was a large American migration to Quebec and Ontario. Taxes were heavy in this country and light there. The West had not been opened up and Canada was accessible.

Now comes this new American migration. Canada should be profoundly grateful for it. Quality counts for more than quantity, and one American farmer will do more for the Dominion than ten unskilled emigrants from Europe.

Saskatchewan's Premier.

THE Premier of Saskatchewan, Hon. Walter Scott, began life as a printer's "devil" in the early days of Regina when it was a small town and its only claim to note lay in being the headquarters of the Territorial government. Young Scott applied for a job one day and got it. He swept the floor, pulled proofs, washed rollers and lighted fires in the office of a country weekly. He did the work faithfully and had ambition. No one in that early period, however, dreamed that one day he would be the chief adviser of His Majesty in a great Canadian province.

To find the secret of his success one must know the man. If asked to name the qualities that have led to his advancement, his friends would say that courage and stick-to-it-iveness, along with an affable disposition, are his pre-dominant characteristics. He is a vigorous campaign speaker, and never hits below the belt. He is not a man to trifle with on the platform as many an interrupter knows to his sorrow.

During the last provincial campaign he was speaking at Lumsden, where some opposition was in evidence. As Mr. Scott was talking a heckler yelled, "Rats." Quick as a flash came the retort:

"Has my young friend over there got them in his pocket or in his head?"

No further interjections were heard after the laughter had subsided, and the meeting went on peacefully until a late hour.

Our Oldest Journalist.

THE oldest working journalist in Canada is Sir Mackenzie Bowell, of The Belleville Intelligencer. Away back in 1834 he walked into that office and asked for a job. He got it. He was then only twelve years old. For seventy-five years Sir Mackenzie has been actively identified with The Intelligencer, and to-day, when Parliament is not in session, you can always find him at his desk in his home city. He is never idle and can pen as able and argumentative an editorial to-day as he could half a century ago. From "devil" he climbed not only to the editorship and ownership of The Intelligencer, but also to the Premiership of Canada. The veteran knight even yet, sets type occasionally by way of diversion. When on a Western trip in 1895, during the time that he was Premier, he called at the office of the Calgary Herald to see the plant and observe the working of the Mergenthaler typecasting machines, The Herald being the first office on the prairies to install them. He got talking of the improvements in the printing trade as compared with half a century ago. In answer to a bantering inquiry as to whether he could stick type as well as he did when a boy, he picked up a stick and set several lines of brevier. The incident was referred to at considerable length in the columns of The Herald that evening under the heading "The Premier of Canada sets type in The Herald office." Another good story, which Sir Mackenzie loves to tell, is that, when Minister of Customs in the administration of Sir John A. Macdonald, he was on a horseback tour through the West visiting the Crow's Nest Pass country. Roughly attired for the long journey, when he got to Revelstoke he sauntered leisurely into a printing office and asked for a job, telling the proprietor, who did not recognize him, that he was a tramp printer and wanted to get a little money to go East. The boss sized him up and said rather regretfully that he had no position vacant. The Cabinet Minister thanked him and left. It was only a few hours after that the newspaper man learned of the identity of his caller. He hunted him up, and the two had a hearty laugh over the episode.

Simplified Spelling.

POLICE news in the High Park district is not very prolific, so happenings there of any and every kind are carefully collected to make data for the "occurrence book" carried by each member of the force.

The other night a policeman discovered a dead dog at the corner of Fermanagh and Roncesvalles avenue. Out came his black-backed note-book, and with stubby pencil he wrote:

"1.23 a.m.—Found dead dog corner—" Here he stopped, and squinting up at the street name showing dimly through the flickering shadows thrown by the trees between it and the electric light, spelled out "F-e-r-m-a-n-a-g-h." Stepping round to the other side of the building he started on the construction of the next name:

"R-o-n-c-e-s-v- Oh, Hell!" he exclaimed disgustedly, and, picking up the dog by the leg, dragged it to the corner of Bloor and Keele streets.

Senator Melvin-Jones as Mayor of Winnipeg

THE man who stands foremost as the greatest living authority on the agricultural implement business in Canada, both in the manufacture and marketing of the products, is Hon. Lyman Melvin-Jones, president and general manager of the Massey-Harris Company. The commander of this gigantic industrial corporation began his career as a travelling agent for the Harris Company at Brantford. He knows the implement business from the moulding shop to the finished machine. His principal invention is perhaps the open-end binder, which enables a machine to cut any length of straw. Mr. Jones was more intent upon the success of his invention than he was in the pursuit of money. It is generally conceded that, had he applied for a patent at the time, it would have made of him a millionaire many times over, for makers all over the world copied the invention and stole the fruits of his genius.

In 1879 Mr. Jones went to Winnipeg to manage the Western business of the Harris Company of Brantford. He remained in the prairie capital ten years, becoming an alderman and later mayor. The first time that he ran for office he was elected by a majority of one vote. His opponent demanded a recount, which was held before a Judge, who declared Mr. Jones the choice of the citizens by a single ballot, over which there was some doubt.

"Are you perfectly certain that I have a clear majority?" asked Mr. Jones.

"No! I am not absolutely sure on that point," responded the court' "but I believe the intention of the voter was to mark his ballot in your favor, and this is the reason I have for declaring you elected."

"Well, I will not accept the seat unless I have a majority that is beyond a doubt," rejoined Mr. Jones, and he resigned. A new election was held, and his friends, admiring his firm, manly stand, returned him to the mayoralty by a majority so large that there was no longer any doubt as to who was the choice of the people. One day a friend met him and asked him candidly why he had not accepted the verdict of the Judge.

"My life would not be worth living," observed the new chief magistrate. "Every man in Winnipeg would be coming along and asserting that he was the fellow who gave me the one vote which put me in office. I could not stand that."

TWO OF A KIND.

Stuttering Blacksmith (to new apprentice, who also stutters): "T-t-t-take th-th-the iron out of the f-f-f-fire. N-n-now hold it round th-th-the other way."

Apprentice: "O-o-o-oh! th-th-this way. N-n-now, w-w-where sh-shall I pu-pu-put it?"

Blacksmith: "O-o-oh, pu-pu-put it back in the f-f-fire; it's co-co-co-cold.'.—The Tatler.

When Wifey Rhymed.

A WELL-KNOWN representative of a big American firm got married not long since. A few months afterwards his wife, who thought she noticed a falling off from the devotion of his courtship days, called his attention to certain sins of omission and commission into which he had fallen. Hubby retaliated by sending her a card with the familiar little poem known as "The Perfect Man," the lines of which run as follows:

"There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—
He's paralyzed!

"There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right;
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon and night—
He's dead!"

Wifey, in her just and natural indignation, sought for a revenge in kind. So she dug out her rhyming dictionary and a book of rules of prosody, and the result ran something like this:

"There is a man who madly tries
To make his life perfection;
And simple flaws in his make-up
Enwrap him in dejection—
He's courting!

"There is a man with ideals rare,
Devotion is his motto;
Unselfishness his chiefest care,
And abstinence his lot—oh,
He's engaged!

"There is a man who always says
The thing he hadn't ought to;
Who loves to read when he should talk,
And lounge when he should auto;
Who drinks a few,
And swears some, too—
And now, I know, it's plain to you
He's married!!

Mr. Stringer as a Talker.

THE Canadian poet, Mr. Arthur Stringer, was recently asked to deliver an address before the Canadian Club of London, Ont., one of the most flourishing of those luncheon organizations which have sprung up throughout the length and breadth of Canada during the past six or seven years. Mr. Stringer chose for his subject a theme not commonly discussed in such organizations, which are made up, as a rule, of hard-headed young business men with a penchant for practical themes. The title of his address was "The Making of a Poet," and the choice of his subject was a happy one in the case of Mr. Stringer, for he is a poet in the minor key, and a very good one at that. It was a much happier choice, for instance, than his paper before the International Council of Women, when his theme was "The Making of a Newspaper," or something like that.

Mr. Stringer has worked at both callings, but he knows a great deal more about poetry than he does about newspaper work. His success in dealing with the creative forces of the man born a child of the Muses was correspondingly greater, and the members of the London Canadian Club were highly pleased. In itself the choice of such a theme was flattering. It was a clear intimation that Mr. Stringer regarded his old friends in London as capable of cherishing some ideals beyond those of business and politics of the pig's-feet and beer variety. His remarks were listened to with wrapt attention and something approaching reverence. When he concluded, there was a ringing salvo of applause, and as the assemblage broke up the members vied with each other in coming forward to shake hands with him. One of the committee men was especially effusive. Gripping Mr. Stringer by the hand, he said:

"I want to thank you very much for your address. Of course, I didn't understand everything you said, but you know my wife takes an interest in that sort of rot."

The Bartletts of Newfoundland.

THE Newfoundland Bartletts, Robert and F. W., were sealers before they were Arctic explorers, and so was their father before them. A gentleman now living in Toronto, who met the senior Bartlett on the Miramichi River many years ago, declares he was the most taciturn man alive. The many winters he had passed in the frozen north with few save Eskimos to converse with had caused him to lose the habit of speech, and he would sit and smoke all day and never utter a word.

That Peary's sailing master got such a hearty reception when the Roosevelt reached Sydney, is an indication of the excitement prevailing at "Little Pittsburg." For Newfoundlanders are about as popular in Cape Breton as Japs in Vancouver. The men who come to Sydney from the ancient colony when the fishing is poor at home, looking for work in the mines, are known in Cape Breton as "Billy Gays." To the uninitiated this term suggests a Nova Scotia Hielander's pronunciation of Twillingate, but tradition has it that early immigrants from Newfoundland to Nova Scotia were all passengers on a schooner whose owner and commander was one William Gay.

A Boston Relic in St. John.

A VERY interesting relic of the war of the American Revolution is preserved with much care by the citizens of St. John, New Brunswick. The loyalists of that day were the real founders of the city. Twenty shiploads of them, 3,000 persons in all, landed there May 18, 1783, and "began with vigor to build a city." They came from Boston and other New England towns. Some of them believed in the ultimate success of the British arms, and perhaps wanted to be on the winning side. Most of them, though, were sincerely loyal to England, either from belief in a monarchical form of government or from plain love for the old country. Hence their departure in 1783 to found a city where patriots would cease from troubling and a loyalist might rest.

One of these departing groups carried away with them an object of veneration to them and of something like execration just then to their fellow citizens. This was the British coat of arms, carved in wood, which had hung in the Council chamber of the old State House at Boston before the revolt of the colonies. It was taken first to Halifax and later to St. John.

This is the relic which is still treasured by the descendants of the loyalists. It is excellently carved from a single block of wood and is about three feet square. It is decorated in the correct colors and gilding, and aside from its historic significance is an interesting specimen of eighteenth century workmanship.

When the coat of arms was rescued from the hands of the rebellious Bostonians its romantic career was by no means finished. From Halifax it was sent to St. John and given into the keeping of Trinity church. It was placed above the main entrance on the inside of the building, a position it has occupied in five successive edifices.

During that time it has had its adventures—some of them very exciting. The first church building was small and was erected in 1784, the year after the loyalists founded the city. It was soon outgrown, and the coat of arms found a new resting place in a second church building, still referred to as Old Trinity, erected in 1791 and consecrated the next year.

The west end of this building, the end containing the coat of arms, was destroyed by fire in 1849, but the cherished wooden carving was saved and was restored to its old positon when the church was rebuilt and enlarged in 1854. Thirteen years later this edifice too was burned in what is called the great fire. This time the coat of arms was in imminent danger of being destroyed, but a Mr. Hazen, a descendant of the Hazen family which emigrated from Newburyport, Mass., rescued it.

The fifth move of the trophy was to the present large stone building of Trinity church, where it has remained almost undisturbed for thirty years. The break in its repose was when that end of the nave was remodelled by the introduction of new panelling and a canopied bust of Queen Victoria in honor of her first jubilee in 1887. At present the coat of arms is directly over the central doorway and directly beneath the white marble bust of the late Queen.

The St. John people are mighty proud of their treasure, and apparently, as The New York Sun says in speaking of its history, the Americans who visit the church to look upon the relic do not begrudge them its possession.

The Lunger's Song.

*That Greenland and the Arctic regions will become a summer resort in time is Commander Peary's confident belief, and Dr. Goodsell, physician of the expedition, asserted that the dry air and constant sunlight of the summer was a fine cure for tuberculosis.—Daily Paper.

O! let us away to the land of the North,
Where they live upon blubber and fat,
Where the air
Is so rare,
And the ether so blue;
Where the bear
Has its lair,
And the Eskimo too;
And we'll each of us rear up a cosy igloo
And sleep through the winter in that.

The doctor who sends us down South for our health
And deluges our system with doses,
He may fail
When we ail.
So we'll heed him no more;
He may rail
When we sail,
For Greenland's cold shore,
But we'll each of us answer him back with a roar:
"It's the new cure for tuberculosis."

HARRI.

Regina, September, 1909.

The Common People's Man

"I HAVE the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Will Crooks, M.P.," said the president of the Canadian Club.

And then up rose a pair of ponderous shoulders and a roughly hewn head, with a tremendous amount of black hair and beard, though the black is beginning to be shot through with silver. The shoulders didn't rise very high—for Mr. Crooks' stature does not run to many cubits—but their breadth was very impressive, as they loomed over the heads of the crowd of men that carried their seats up as close as possible to the table of honor, filling the aisles between the tables with a sea of heads over which floated a mist of smoke. And the way these big shoulders swayed with every movement of the famous Labor Member put one in mind of blacksmiths swinging heavy hammers at wayside forges.

"I'll bet he has stood over an anvil," said a man near me.

And it would have been a safe bet, too, for Will Crooks started the hard life of a wage-earner of the poor as apprentice to a blacksmith. From that he rose to be

WILL CROOKS, M.P.

a cooper, a trade he practiced for many years, so that he comes honestly and painfully by those big shoulders and gnarled hands, just as he comes by his deep insight into the life of the common people, his quivering sympathy with their trials and needs, and his stern resolution to mend their wrongs so far as in him lies.

"Gentlemen of the Canydian Club—"

Everyone sat up with a start. Was so beautiful a Cockney accent ever before heard out of London? The voice was Cockney, the inflections were Cockney, the accent, the phrases, and all were marked by the peculiarities which flourish within sound of Big Ben. The voice was mellow and clear, a little high-pitched for an English voice, but with a fine range. As the speaker went on it would sometimes drop to a conversational tone; and then, again, in the stress of feeling it would ring out till the room seemed to quiver. And the tone was always the sing-song tone, the peculiar modulation of the East-end Londoner.

As for the matter of the speech—if so formal a word may be used to describe so very informal a talk—it was the unaffected chat of a man who was talking about the biggest thing in the world to him, the lives and needs of the poor who work and the poorer who can't get it to do, the "common people"—to use his own phrase—to whose interest he has devoted his life. It wasn't oratory, there were no nicely balanced periods, there was no attempt at formal argumentation, no subtle distinctions and clear-cut definitions. It was a rough and ready sort of speech, full of hit-and-miss arguments, touches of rollicking humor, and other touches of the crude, blinding pathos of lives led in commonplace suffering. Will Crooks' humor is perhaps his most distinctive and pervading feature as a speaker. And it is not merely the sort of humor which finds expression in interpolated anecdotes, however good. It is the humor which is a state of mind, the humor which is a compound of shrewdness and courage and unlimited patience, the humor of the great common people.

His pathos is of the same stamp. It is raw and even brutal at times, with its descriptions of strong men who beg "fer Christ's syke, buy a mat, guv'nor—the kiddies are starvin', an' by Gawd I cawn't stand it," and its wretched women who come wailing for bread with famished little waifs clinging to their skirts and asking why they don't bring them something to eat. All this is crude, uncultured stuff, the kind of thing we don't like to think about—very bad form to speak of it, especially at table. But Will Crooks doesn't care an awful lot about form, and he does care with all the strength of his nature for the starving "kiddies" and the men who are eating out their hearts for the work that doesn't come to them; and so he has grown into an awkward habit of getting up in season and out, and telling people these things and asking what is to be done about it. And whether you like it or not, he makes you think about it, just as he held the members of the Canadian Club on Tuesday and made them consider this awful problem and its influence on the future of the Empire.

And what does Will Crooks himself intend to do about it? Just go on working, I suppose, doing the thing that lies nearest to do, and not spending too much time on general theories of economic relief. For Will Crooks can't stand off from the poor and dispassionately consider their case, as a vivisectionist would coolly contemplate the workings of a puppy's insides. He is too close to the poverty and misery, his sympathies are too warmly engaged, for him to be able to reason very carefully about it. His first and strongest and most lasting impulse is to jump in and do something for them. And he has done it, is doing it, and will go on doing it as long as life or strength permit him. Of course, he has made mistakes, and has brought down on his head the wrath and denunciation of more scientific reformers; but his is the kind of head that can stand a whole lot of denunciation, scientific or otherwise. And he has gone resolutely on his way, doing his work in his own style, knowing that he is working for the best as he sees it, and also knowing that the heart of the common people is with him. G. K. Chesterton has pointed this out very cleverly in a short article on the great Labor Member.

"Even his faults, if they are faults," says the brilliant writer, "against which so much criticism has for a time been raised, have still this pervading quality, that they are essentially the popular faults. This instinct for a prompt and practical and hand-to-mouth benevolence, this instinct for giving a very good time to those who have had a very bad time, this is the very soul of that immense and astonishing altruism at which all social reformers have stood thunderstruck: the kindness of the poor to the poor. This attitude may or may not be the great vice of the governors; there is no doubt that it is the great virtue of the people. The charity of poor men to poor men has always been spontaneous, irregular, individual, liable therefore in its nature to some faults of confusion or of favoritism."

It wasn't what Will Crooks said to the Canadian Club—vigorously and impressively as he did it—that really produced the striking effect on his hearers. It was the spirit of the man himself, his humor and his sympathy, his entire disinterestedness and his superb fighting qualities. He showed in himself the true spirit of the true Labor Party, which not only works for the laboring man and the man who wants to labor, but is also bound by all the ties of sympathy and comradeship with these working classes, a Labor Party made up of laboring men and not of social reformers. In looking on that short and burly figure, and black-bearded coarse-featured face, with nothing of grace and refinement in its lines, but with the high courage and shrewd insight and all-embracing sympathy which are of far greater worth; in listening to that ringing voice with its Cockney inflections as it told of England's poor, what is being done with them and what should be done with them, Canadians got a new understanding of a great and vital problem, full of instruction and of warning for themselves. They also made the acquaintance of one of the most striking figures in English political life, the great Labor Member who has never ceased to be a laboring man, Will Crooks, M.P., 'Ere's 'is bloomin' 'ealth!

P. D.

As Told by Colonel Clarke.

COLONEL HUGH CLARKE, the humorist of the Ontario Legislature and editor of The Kincardine Review, relates an amusing incident, brought to his memory by the recent big fire at the Parliament Buildings here. He recalls the fact that the handsome pile in Queen's Park was erected while the Hon. C. F. Fraser was Minister of Public Works in the Liberal Government then in power. Colonel Clarke, being a Conservative, takes some pleasure in noting that while the work was cheaply enough done, the building has proved itself to be a veritable fire-trap. Mr. Fraser, observes the Colonel, was extremely jealous of his authority, and permitted no one to interfere with him in the administration of his department. When it came to erecting the new home of the Legislature, he insisted on seeing the job through without any advice from his colleagues. Indeed, he resented hints even from the Premier himself. It chanced that Mr. Fraser died in the building. Next morning, according to Col. Clarke, when the late Hon. A. S. Hardy was apprised of the fact, he said:

"He's dead, is he? Well—now we can drive a nail wherever we like."

A Canadian Grub in London.

BY a log of wood riddled with tiny tunnels (says a London correspondent) stands an ordinary looking beetle in the insect house at the London Zoo. It has just been born as a beetle from the grub which drove those tunnels. It belong to the Longicorn family of beetles.

The grub was sent from Canada in a small log of Vancouver pine to a lady eighteen months ago. When recently it turned into a beetle she sent it to the zoo, and it has just emerged in its final state, but it may have been anywhere between twenty and fifty years in the wood, boring the tunnels through the log.

An official at the Gardens says that naturalists have not yet settled how long it takes beetles to accomplish this work of boring. There is the historic case of the Natural History Museum grub of the same species. For fourteen years it lived undiscovered in the boot tree constantly used by an Indian military officer and probably had lived in the wood itself before it was made into a boot tree.

When the officer first discovered the grub he handed the boot tree, grub and all, over to the museum. It was placed in a show case, where it lived ten years. About once annually the grub used to poke its head out into the daylight, when the curator promptly pushed it back into the wood and plugged up the hole so that it could dig its way out.

Germany Has a Naval Quarrel, Too.

A LONDON correspondent notes that Germany, it appears, has its pendant to the English naval quarrel which ended in the retirement of Lord Charles Beresford. The Berliner Tageblatt publishes a story regarding the interchange of positions of Count Baudissin, formerly chief of the Admiralty staff, and Admiral Fischel, chief of the North Sea station. The journal learns that the exchange is due to a disagreement between the Count and Admiral von Tirpiz, the Kaiser's chief naval adviser. That this is so is shown by the fact that during the last twelve months these two men have presented reports to the Kaiser independently, instead of together as was formerly the case.

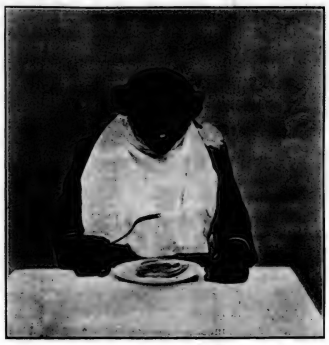
Count Baudissin is said to have considered that his chief naval policy—namely, the continuous maintenance of the fleet on a war footing—has been neglected owing to the fact that money has been required for the construction of Dreadnoughts. Against this the Count is said to have protested frequently, but without avail.

It is supposed that he is disposed to adopt the naval policy of Vice-Admiral Galster, who for some years has maintained that Germany's proper course was to strengthen her harbor coast defences and construct a powerful fleet of torpedo boats and submarines rather than to compete with Great Britain in the construction of Dreadnoughts.

The exchange of the two men is said to show that Admiral Tirpiz disagreed with Baudissin and that he succeeded in preventing any slackening in the pace of Dreadnought construction. That there is no doubt of such a disagreement is said to be proved by the pointed remarks of those newspapers which are closely connected with the Admiralty regarding the necessity for a "hearty accord among the heads of the navy."

Consul—An Ancestor.

IT seldom happens that one has an opportunity of studying his great-great-grandfather at the ten thousandth remove; and therefore when it does come, the chance is all the more welcome. That is why Consul—the highest priced actor in Toronto at the present moment—is so very interesting. For Consul is a sure-enough ancestor. He is a little late in the day, it is true, but he is still unmistakably an ancient relative of ours. He is a member



Consul's Favorite "Stunt."

of one of the good old "first families of the earth," and is a descendant in the direct line. The rest of us are merely off-shoots, younger branches. Thus may he be regarded as an ancestor of ours, though strictly speaking he is a distant cousin—say, a second-millionth cousin. But though Consul carries on all the good old ancient traditions that flourished in the days when dinosaurs wallowed in mesozoic mud, and megatheria roamed the forests of South America, he is not so conservative in his disposition as are most of the members of his family. He has shown a willingness to adopt certain of our merely human and modern customs. He wears our clothes and eats our food and smokes our tobacco, all of which are naturally tremendous concessions on the part of a member of an ancient family which has used a strictly vegetarian diet, open-work clothing, and rigid temperance habits ever since about B.C. 100,000. He may therefore be regarded as the special ambassador from the old world to the new, the mediator between man and his ancestors; and as such his position is naturally a most important one.

In strictly scientific language, Consul is a chimpanzee, which being scientifically interpreted is: an African ape, a quadrumanous mammal, having teeth of the same number and form as man, and possessing neither a tail nor cheek pouches. His pet name among scientists is *anthropithecus troglodytes*, though some call him and his brothers *troglodytes niger*—which seems an especially mean thing to say of them. His nearest relatives outside his own family are the gorillas and the ourangs, two very respectable and ancient families. The chimpanzees are the smallest of the whole connection, and when full grown are only from three to four feet high. But what they lack in stature they more than make up in intellectuality and general culture. In fact, they may be regarded as the *elite* of jungle society.

So much for Consul's family connection. And now for himself. When the curtain goes up at the Majestic Music Hall, you see a tall man in a dress suit, and alongside him a curious squat little figure, also very carefully dressed, but wearing clothes of somewhat old-fashioned cut. That is Consul—the squat figure, not the tall one. As he comes in with a high hat on the back of his head, and his melancholy wrinkled face, and his bent knees and crouched figure, there is nothing he reminds one of so much as a hideously ugly and extremely aged man. He looks so near human and at the same time so inhuman, that the effect is distinctly unpleasant. Then he begins his performance. He hangs up his hat on the hat-rack, like a well trained husband. He sits down to table and eats with knife and fork like a Christian, and with better manners than some Christians I have seen at work. He uncorks a bottle and pours out a drink for himself, displaying in the process a pleasure which is unseemly—and also somewhat tantalizing to the spectator. He gazes at himself admiringly in a hand-mirror. He brushes his hair and whisks the dust off his coat. He picks his teeth and brushes them, with a certain melancholy deliberation that seems to indicate his regret at being obliged to display such bad manners in public.

Then Consul smokes. To see him scratch a match, light his cigarette in its long holder, and then gravely puff away at it, blowing the smoke out in thin spirals while he hangs one arm over the back of the chair, is one of the most astonishing sights that could be witnessed. More than anything else he performs does it display the uncanny cleverness of the animal and his disconcerting resemblance to man. And he seems to enjoy smoking almost as much as if he had "sworn off." His little smoke over, he has a pair of roller-skates strapped on, and on these he scoots about the stage with perfect ease and evident pleasure in the motion. He has wonderful control of his feet—or rather his nether hands—and seems to be more at home on the skates than he is on his shoes. But his most wonderful feat in this direction is his bicycle riding. On a low-framed bicycle he spins around and around the stage, pedals with one foot while the other hangs over the handle-bars, drinks a glass of water on the run, dodges in and out through a row of big wooden pins, and finally mounts an incline and bounces down steps without losing his balance. It is certainly a wonderful performance. Finally Consul peels his clothes off, down to a particularly stylish-looking suit of underwear, and after lighting a candle, goes to bed. Good-night!

This is the end of one of the most remarkable and interesting animal acts ever seen on the vaudeville stage. The monkey's intelligence is so great and his power of adopting human habits so remarkable, that he rises to the dignity of a scientific subject. One feels in watching him at work that the missing link is not so very far missing after all. Nor is Consul's adoption of the ways of men merely a stage performance, to be forgotten just as soon as he has got away from the glare of the footlights. On the contrary, he is said to carry them into private life. He lives with his trainer—or should one say his manager?—almost as a member of the family. Consul eats with him and his wife, and uses civilized weapons for the purpose, though his manners are admittedly very bad. He is apt to grab anything he wants very much and unload it into himself without any of the conventional formalities. And one look at his mouth shows what he can do in this direction.

A very remarkable feature of Consul's training is that he is made to live as much as possible like a human being. One of the great difficulties in the training of monkeys is that they are very apt to sicken and die just when they are becoming valuable. Trainers have tried to overcome this weakness on their part by all kinds of precautions, specially heated rooms, all kinds of warm wraps, and particular kinds of food. With Consul an entirely different system has been followed, and the results have certainly justified it. He eats almost anything that a man will, he wears the same clothes men do from underwear to top-hats, and besides this he smokes and drinks. They say that Consul is as fond of his toddy as any old toper could be, and though he never gets enough to hurt him, he is allowed a certain amount of it right along. It is this adaptability on his part to human ways of living that makes him so interesting from a scientific point of view. His stage "stunts" constitute a very remarkable performance, but it is much more remarkable that an ape should be able to live like a man and thrive on it. It would indicate that the ape has a marvellous constitution, or that the human way of living is not so unnatural and unhealthy as we are sometimes given to understand.

The King's Expenditures.

KING EDWARD has spent several thousand dollars this season on the improvements at Balmoral and Sandringham. All expenditure upon these properties is disbursed by the Keeper of the Privy Purse and does not appear upon the Parliamentary estimates in any shape or form. In other words, it is the King himself who bears the expense.

It is quite otherwise (observes the London correspondent of The New York Sun) in the case of the changes that have been in progress at Windsor and in a less degree at Frogmore, these items of expenditure being debited to the votes for which the Office of Works is reponsible. In various ways the King's disbursements during the present year have been heavier than for several years past, especially as he has increased the sum set aside for charities.

The King has not yet had an opportunity of enjoying the added comforts and pleasures with which he has provided himself at Balmoral. In Queen Victoria's day discomfort and cramped space prevailed at this her favorite home, but the King has changed all that. He has enlarged the guest accommodation for one thing, though large parties are never held at Balmoral, only specially intimate friends of the Royal family being invited there.

The ballroom has been much changed, widened, redecorated and quite done over. It will be used as a concert room or for theatrical performances, as dances are not given there at all.

Queen Alexandra is said to be very enthusiastic about the improvement at Balmoral, and the King's opinion is being anxiously awaited by those who have carried out his orders. He never stays very long at his Scottish home, and this year will be no exception to his custom. Sandringham is his favorite place, and he means to spend a good part of the winter there, so extensive alterations, redecorations and refittings have been in progress there also for some time.

A Golden City.

FRESH tales still continue to come to light concerning the romantic gold-days of Mexico—tales which almost parallel some of Rider Haggard's romances. The Mexican city of Guanajuato, built near the oldest gold-mines in the country, was originally constructed, according to a writer in Cosmos (Paris), of adobes made of the refuse of these mines. As the early processes of extraction were very imperfect, the walls and floors of these buildings were thus full of gold. Says the paper just named:

"Things would have gone on thus for an indefinite time, and the inhabitants would have been living yet in these valuable dwellings, if the passage of a railway line near by had not necessitated the demolition of about a hundred houses.

"The idea of analyzing the debris occurred to some one, and it was not without surprise that as much as $24 to the ton was found in some parts; the average was about $8, which still leaves a margin of profit in working.

"It is unnecessary to say that the old houses have all disappeared, and they have yielded about $50,000 in gold to their happy possessors; the new houses, built with the debris of the old debris, have been so thoroughly treated that they reserve no such agreeable surprise for the descendants of the present proprietors."

THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY.

Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg was appointed to the Imperial Chancellorship of Germany in July last, when Prince von Bulow resigned after nearly nine years' tenure of the premier post in the Kaiser's Government. The new Chancellor was a college friend of the Emperor, and is a politician and office-holder of experience and reputation, but he was practically unknown to the world at large before his promotion to the office first held by the great Bismarck.

Take This Cake of Soap FREE!

We want every woman in this city to know how good Taylor's Borax Soap is. So we are making this unprecedented offer. Cut out the coupon in the lower right hand corner of this advertisement, take it to your grocer to-day, and he will hand you a 5c cake of Taylor's Borax Soap *absolutely free.*

Taylor's
ESTABLISHED 1850

BORAX SOAP

Here is the utmost in a laundry soap!

It is the one soap which outlasts all others—two to one. It is the laundry soap which makes the whitest clothes and cleans without injuring delicate laces or shrinking heavy woolens.

And we're going to let you prove it *absolutely at our expense.*

For we want you to know, as over a million Canadian women already do, what Taylor's Borax Soap will do for *you,* how much more economical it is, and how much better work it does than any other soap in Canada.

It is a white soap, made from pure cocoanut oil from the Isle of Ceylon.

This oil is boiled doubly long and mixed with borax. Then every bar is molded under a 30 ton pressure to press out the moisture. It goes through an ageing process equal to standing six months in your pantry.

So the pressure and the ageing make a firm, compact cake of soap, one that will lather well, yet not dissolve into slime like an ordinary soap.

The borax in it softens the water, and makes the clothes white and sweet with half the rubbing.

Borax also keeps the hands soft and white.

You don't have to boil the clothes unless you wish. For this soap dissolves and removes the dirt quickly and easily without boiling.

It has qualities no other soap possesses, for no other soap is made with so much care or with such costly materials.

Yet it costs but 5c a cake everywhere.

But we prefer to let the soap itself win you.

So we offer you to-day, absolutely free, a regular 5c cake at our expense. Use it on your next wash day, then decide whether it is a better soap than you have ever tried before. All we ask is that you make the test—the soap will prove its own merits. Send in your coupon to-day.

This Astounding Offer

is made because we know if you once try Taylor's Borax you will never be content to use any other Soap in your laundry. It would probably take thousands of dollars spent in advertising to induce you to buy your first cake, and by making this liberal offer we save both time and money in introducing to you the most wonderful laundry soap in Canada.

We can afford to buy but one cake for each family. Get yours today.

Cut this Coupon Out
and Take it to Your Dealer Today

FREE COUPON

This coupon, when properly signed, entitles bearer to one full size 5c cake of Taylor's Borax Soap *absolutely free of charge,* within one week from date, at any store where soap is sold.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA.

This certifies that my dealer has delivered to me a full size cake of Taylor's Borax Soap free of charge.

Name _____

Street No. _____

To the Dealer

We will redeem this coupon from you for 5 cents cash when properly filled out and signed by the person receiving a cake of Taylor's Borax Soap.

Please return all coupons direct to us. Deliver no more than one cake to a family.

John Taylor & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

[34]

John Taylor & Co., Limited
TORONTO

SPORTING COMMENT

LAST Saturday saw the end of the Fall Meet at Woodbine. It was the close of one of the most successful autumn series of races ever held there, and in these days when such strong attacks are being made on the Turf, it is a hopeful sign for the future of the game that such a meeting could be held. There is no opportunity in these columns and at so late a date to go into the races with anything like detail, though such fine contests as the race for the O. J. C. Cup and the Hendrie Steeplechase would seem to deserve more than mere passing notice. But these races, well run as they were, were not purple patches on the meet. The general standards were very high, and the great outstanding feature of the Fall Meet was its general success and enjoyability. Not even the bad weather could greatly lessen the enthusiasm of the devotees, and the attendance was always large and always keenly interested. There was a good deal of betting done. But this part of the operations of the track was carried on with a moderation and good judgment which are strong arguments against the excessive demands of certain reformers of the Turf.

* * *

LOCAL option seems to be the custom regarding Sunday golf in this country, with the preponderance of sentiment in favor of playing, especially after the "tyme of ye sermonde," but at many clubs it is the custom not to employ as caddies on the Sabbath persons who are under 21 years of age. But there is no abatement in Scotland of the general feeling against the innovation of Sunday golf. English golfers are accustomed to more latitude in respect of their recreation on Sundays, but when the holiday golfer attempts to exercise the same freedom on Scottish links as he is accustomed to enjoy at home he is generally forcibly reminded that the local sentiment prevailing in Scotland on that subject is quite different. Thus English visitors at St. Andrews and other Fifeshire greens—women as well as men—have been stopped from playing on Sundays because the sentiment of the community was wholly and unmistakably against the innovation. Another case of the kind occurred the other day at Pitlochry in the Highlands. Four visitors started out on Sunday to play a mixed foursome. One of the local inhabitants met the gay band in the full blood of their enjoyment at being bunkered and in missing puts and he protested against the game being played on that day. The golfers were quite penitent at having unwittingly set local feeling at defiance and they explained that they were playing golf because they were wholly unaware that the people in the locality were averse to its being played on Sunday.

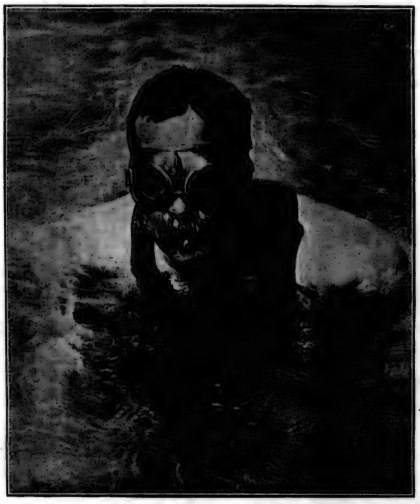
* * *

CONCERNING the quarrel between the Football Association and the Players' Union, which occasioned quite a stir in English sporting circles some time ago, an English sporting writer says that the whole thing has chiefly served to demonstrate the depth of degradation to which a good game can be brought by the predominance of the professional element. "Soccer," as watched by tens and hundreds of thousands every Saturday, is no longer a game, but a circus, and the performers just acrobats, who make a living out of the skill which they have acquired in a particular kind of ball-play, and who can be, and are, bought and sold from manager to manager. One has no objection to circuses, but a very strong one to a circus masquerading as a sport, with the audience in pit, gallery, or stalls posing as sportsmen! Everything from top to bottom in this professional football show is wrong, and the complete model of what it ought not to be. As Kent cricket stands for an example of sportsmanship in practical working order, so the League football business exemplifies the negation of the genuine principles of sport. It is a curse and a blot on England's fair fame. Not only has it turned a game into a huckstering, money-grubbing trade, but it has paved the way for dirtier doings still, and tales of bribery and corruption are only too common. It is a shady business, in fact, and one would not waste words on it at all but for the importance of its menace, and of the growing danger of the same spirit spreading to other games. Cricket is already far too much affected by financial considerations. Heaven forfend its ever falling to such pitiful straits as its sister of the winter months!

* * *

ENGLISH Lawn Tennis makes the following editorial comment on the defeat of the Britishers in the recent matches at Philadelphia:

"Our Davis cup players have done their best and lost. The result was expected, and on this score the disappointment is not so keen as it might have been. It is our duty to applaud our players for their pluck in facing such odds, but at the same time to express a hope that in the future the British Isles will play a more important part in the international tourney. Meanwhile we have pleasure in giving an instalment from our special correspondent, whose letter reached us by the last mail with a promise that incidents of the play will be dealt with in his next, which, of course, cannot arrive until after we have gone to press with this issue."



"MONTY" HOLBEIN.
The famous English swimmer is shown in his latest attempt to swim the English Channel. It proved unsuccessful, but he intends to repeat the attempt.

When asked if the Dohertys would ever again play in international matches a prominent English tennis player said: "They played a little this season and won some matches at singles and doubles and there has been a feeling they will never again play big matches, but on the other hand a majority of the followers of tennis expect to see them on the turf at Wimbledon next year. Most players hope they will, anyway. The Dohertys carried the Davis cup from here and we were beaten by the Australians when they were not playing. My view of the situation is that if the cup is to be brought back from the Antipodes it will be done by the Dohertys."

* * *

NEVER was there a more popular victory in the County Cricket Championship than that of 1909—unless it were that of 1906, says an English cricket writer. That was Kent's first win, a win most dramatically achieved after an exciting struggle, in which the "new men" crept hand over hand to a glorious finish and unexpected honors. The general acclamation of a Kentish triumph is a not unneeded testimony to the fact that, in spite of the increasing importance given to gate-money considerations and the growth of the gladitorial spirit, the English are still at heart a nation of sportsmen. For its reason is that this county stands not by the letter of the law, but just "plays the game." It is told of that famous golfer, the late Freddy Tait, that once in a match his opponent had to lift, and dropped in a bad lie, whereupon Tait picked up the ball and placed it clear for him. That is the Kentish spirit. No playing for averages or toiling for a draw, with a book of rules in one hand. Jack Mason stands for the best kind of Public School tradition, and though he is unable to play himself for more than a portion of the season, the team, one and all, are thoroughly infused with his sentiments. Besides, Kent really are a county; their men are men of Kent, not chameleons of the Sussex-to-day-and-Lancashire-to-morrow variety. Yorkshire, too, has a genuine county qualification; all the more gratifying, therefore, to see them, though beaten this time, still so close to the top.

* * *

IT seems that the new English Budget is going to affect even sport over there, and sportsmen are becoming wrought up over it, as is shown by an article in The Bystander. As the writer points out, sportsmen, as a rule, do not concern themselves too closely with the niggling details of politics. This is not to say that there are not sportsmen who are legislators, or legislators who are also sportsmen, but, as a general rule, the straightforward, open-air idea has little kinship with the tortuous deliberations of stuffy sub-committees or the involved meanderings of minor clauses. The Budget of 1909, however, is differentiated from most legislation in this, that it seems to touch, in some way or other, practically every class of the community, and among them a vast gathering of the players of games. In the portion of the Finance Bill relating to undeveloped land duty there is a section exempting from such duty land "used for the purpose of games or other recreation." So far, so good. But then there follows a qualifying clause to the effect that the land must be used "for the benefit of the public or of the inhabitants of the locality," and be held under an agreement for not less than five years. The stipulation for a five years' tenure affects a number of games, lawn tennis, for instance, and the cudgels have already been taken up by the Lawn Tennis Association, which has sent a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, pointing out that comparatively few lawn tennis grounds are held under so long a tenure, and that the imposition of the tax in its present form may mean a serious hardship and the closing of many grounds. The defenders of cricket, as represented by Mr. F. E. Lacy and others, have also been prompt in their protest. Matters have come to a pretty pass, indeed, if poor men's games, such as these, are to be penalised in such a manner. One cannot, of course, expect Mr. Lloyd George—though we are told he has gone so far as to play alleged golf on more than one occasion—to see eye to eye with the Public School and 'Varsity man in regard to the importance of games. But at least he may be made to understand how large a part they play in the life of the British nation, and this can only be done by making the protest against this menace to their development as articulate and as universal as possible. Let not marbles be made the national sport without at least a fight.

PLAYFAIR.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting barrister, "this prisoner is an unmitigated scoundrel; he acknowledges it. And yet, thanks to the wisdom of the common law, he has been given a fair trial by the jury of his peers."—Law Student's Helper.

Murad Turkish Cigarettes although a mild smoke, have a rich, full, delicate, distinctive flavor.

Anargyros

Is that the pleasure of the house?

IT'S A VOTE

It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.

THE CROWN COAL CO.
LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: 97 KING ST WEST
Phones: Main 6058 and 6054.

HOME DECORATION

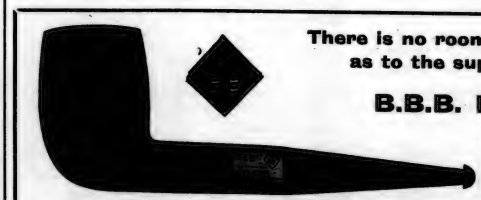
Now is the time to think of re-decorating your home for the winter season. Let us give you an estimate. Office Phone, Main 2677. Residence 3 D'Arcy St.—Phone College 435.

JAMES J. O'HEARN & SON
Decorators
249 QUEEN STREET WEST

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and

The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO



There is no room for argument as to the superiority of

B.B.B. PIPES

Every smoker knows that their equal doesn't exist.

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.

Main 2647

A. D. RUSSELL, Agent
St. James Chambers, Toronto

Open a current account and pay bills by cheque.

The Home Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO 8 King St. West

Paying household and personal accounts by cheque prevents the possibility of mistakes. Once a bill has been paid by cheque it cannot be collected again, because the cheque is a receipt that gives all the particulars of payment.

SIX OFFICES IN

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

ROBERT MANTELL IN FIVE OF HIS ROLES.
The classical actor as "Macbeth," "Iago," "King Lear," "Shylock," and "Romeo." He will play at the Princess next week.

DE *mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a kindly old rule which it is well always to bear in mind. There is nothing more ungracious than severe criticism of those who have carried their sins and their weaknesses to other than an earthly tribunal. But at the same time there are limits to the applicability of the rule, and not even one's appreciation of the dramatic skill of the late Clyde Fitch and one's gratitude for the many hours of keen pleasure he furnished the public, can blind one to the weakness of his latest production to be brought to Toronto. "The Bachelor" is not a successful play. It is not even a moderately enjoyable one. It is marked by all of Clyde Fitch's faults, his sketchiness, his staginess, his lack of insight; and it has little or none of the qualities which made him the most successful of American playwrights, his excellent detail, his fine handling of stage-effects, his bright and snappy dialogue. There are good lines in the play, and one or two good situations—Clyde Fitch couldn't write a play without any merit—but the production as a whole labors under the great and cardinal and irremediable defect that there is nothing in it. There is no story that is worth telling, no character that is worth drawing. The whole thing is a mist of words and shifting scenes, that have about as much relation to real human nature as stage-wine in a "ten-twenty-thirty" to champagne.

A brief outline of the plot gives an idea of the value of the production. George Goodale is a bachelor of the I'm-too-old-to-be-caught kind, and yet unconsciously he is deeply in love with his stenographer—an impertinent minx who wouldn't last a minute in a real office—and pays her the most marked attentions. When her brother, an impossible young ass, talks nonsense to him about compromising his sister, and she resigns her position, he proposes to her so as to keep her in the office. But he doesn't love her, of course, and when she asks him to kiss her he very reluctantly kisses her cheek. And he isn't an old fogey, mind, but one of the men-about-town, a class of man who is apt to be bluffed into an engagement in this fashion, and then act like a paralyzed anchorite afterwards. The young lady discovers that he was frightened and begged into the engagement, and naturally refuses to marry him. This is due to her being the proud daughter of a famous Californian judge, and also to the fact that otherwise there wouldn't be any third act. In this last link in the chain of absurdity, she is forced back to his office by his threat to sue her, and there he dictates to her a letter to herself, telling her how much he loves her. They clutch, and the curtain goes down to slow music.

Even such a story as this might perhaps be made something of, if told differently. But there is nothing in the manner of telling to cloak any of its absurdities. On the contrary it is helped out by a whole lot of minor absurdities and faults of handling, which make one wonder if Clyde Fitch wrote the play at all. And neither does the acting remedy matters greatly. Charles Cherry is just as pleasing and just as clever as in "Girls." But Miss Maycliffe is very blonde as to her hair, and very colorless as to her acting. Billy Rendell is an incredible young idiot, whom Ralph Morgan does not succeed in making human. The other members of the cast are as satisfactory as their roles will let them be. But whatever the faults of the players, the great weakness of the whole production is certainly to be attributed to the playwright.

* * *

ELSIE JANIS is again in town, and she is as enjoyable as ever. She is full of life and unfailing vivacity and her work shows the same cleverness which made her so popular on her previous visits here. "The Fair Co-Ed" as a show improves, if anything, on what it was last year. It is superbly staged, has the same large and clever company, and goes with all the old-time dash and verve, and perhaps even greater smoothness. It is a first-rate entertainment of its kind, and assures a swift and pleasant evening to those who go to it for respite and nepenthe and a good laugh.

HOWARD GOULD,
In "The Witching Hour," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess—Robert Mantell.

Royal Alexandra—"The Witching Hour."

Grand—"The Honeymooners."

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Majestic—Vaudeville.

Gayety—"Queens of the Jardin de Paris."

MUCH interest centres in the appearance of Robert Mantell at the Princess next week. Mr. Mantell's appearance here is an important event, for he is now regarded as the leading Shakespearean actor on the American stage. He will present a repertoire of Shakespeare's most popular plays. These great works will be given by a carefully selected company of Shakespearean artists, precisely as presented during Mr. Mantell's long engagement in New York. Mr. Mantell has the distinction of having had the most successful and the longest engagement in New York of all contemporary Shakespearean actors. He performed the remarkable feat of drawing crowded houses during a three month's engagement last spring at the New Amsterdam Theatre, and the Academy of Music. During that time he appeared in no fewer than thirteen Shakespearean and other classic plays. In his time Mr. Mantell has played many roles. His career has been wide and varied. His first great success on the American stage was in the role of Loris Ipanoff in Fannie Davenport's production of Fedora. His success in Shakespeare has been the subject of many magazine articles and newspaper stories throughout the English speaking world. He is ranked by some critics with Edwin Booth and other masters of the past generations. A commentator in Everybody's Magazine said: "After years of travail and hardship the triumph for which Robert Mantell struggled with steadfast faith and indomitable courage came with a bewildering, dazzling rush. From a road star, he suddenly leaped into a commanding place as the foremost player of classical roles, and this despite great obstacles. Scarce had the audience settled in their seats before Mr. Mantell gripped them. The audience as well as the blase critics of the metropolitan stage were stirred as they have not been stirred in years, by the brilliant intelligence, the profound subtlety, the absolute sincerity, the technical finish and the magnetism of the star." The repertoire for the Toronto engagement is: Monday, Macbeth; Tuesday, Hamlet; Wednesday matinee, Romeo and Juliet; Wednesday night, Othello; Thursday, King Lear; Friday, Louis XI.; Saturday matinee, Merchant of Venice; Saturday night, Richard III.

* * *

"The Witching Hour," which will again visit this city and will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra next week, is too familiar to require lengthy notice. This play by Augustus Thomas, the author of "Arizona" and other famous old melodramas, is intended to exemplify the power of mind over matter and a number of curious psychic phenomena. Whether or not it be on account of its peculiar theme, the play has certainly attracted a great deal of attention and has proven very successful in the United States. Mr. Howard Gould will play the leading part of Jack Brookfield, the gambler, as in the former production of the play.

* * *

Another George Cohan show is coming to town in "The Honeymooners," which will play at the Grand next week. This is one of the productions which made the young New York actor-manager-producer-playwright famous, and it has all the Cohan qualities of dash and humor. The company which will present it at the Grand is said to be a very capable one, including a large chorus.

* * *

Fritzi Scheff, the famous comic opera singer, will follow at the Princess with her new opera, "The Prima Donna," by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert.

* * *

At Shea's Theatre next week George Beban, seen in Toronto last season in the musical comedy, "The American Idea," will head the bill in a one act playlet entitled "The Sign of the Rose." New York critics gave Mr. Beban a fine send-off following his opening in the metropolis, a number saying his sketch was the best seen there this season. Eddie Leonard assisted by Mable Russell and the Field Brothers will appear in Mr. Leonard's latest offering, "Home

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

BESSIE MARLOWE,
A Toronto girl, in "The Honeymooners" at the Grand next week.

THE SEASON IS APPROACHING

When you will want to look your best. In order to look one's best one's complexion must be thought of. A few of our delightful

FACE TREATMENTS

The kind you can't get elsewhere in town, will make the skin clear, fine and youthful looking. They are restful, soothing and most beneficial. One will convince the most skeptical. We invite you to call and see us if you have any skin or hair trouble.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts, etc., always permanently removed by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Booklet sent free on request.

HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
61 College Street, Toronto
Telephone Main 831. Established 1892.

MAJESTIC MUSIC HALL
Toronto's Greatest Vaudeville Theatre
Mat. Daily 25c. Evgs. 25c - 50c
Svengali Trio
Music, Mimicry and Mystery.
Besnah & Miller
In "Something Doing."
ROSTOW
The Famous Russian Equilibrist.
Clemenso Brothers
Musical Acrobatic Clowns.
FISCHER & BURKHARDT
In a Unique Song Specialty.
SISTERS RAPPO
Direct from Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg.
ESTELLE WORDELLE & CO.
In her own Original Playlet, "A Honeymoon in the Catskills."
THE ONLY GEORGE WILSON
"Waltz Me Again."

The player-piano is taking the place of hundreds of pianos that for years have remained unused in the home.

Father does not play; mother, in a lifetime of household duties, has forgotten how; the young folks have set up for themselves, and are away from the old home.

The scheme is to trade the old piano for a player-piano, and this will be, if you select wisely, a new

Heintzman & Co.
PLAYER-PIANO
(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd.)

Any member of the household can play it. Father will learn to forget the worries of the day, as he sits before the instrument. Mother will fill in many a quiet hour when alone during the day.

The wonder, the fascination and the popularity of this music marvel have been demonstrated by the thousands of music lovers who have already purchased it.

One word of caution: Be sure it is the new player-piano of the olde firme of Heintzman & Co., Limited, 115-117 King Street West, Toronto. The aluminum action of this player-piano and other special features make this instrument outstanding and distinct alongside all other player-pianos.

PRINCESS Coming for one week, commencing Monday, OCT. 4

"Mantell is a great actor. He is now the leader of our stage."
—William Winter, Dean of American Critics, in New York Tribune.

Mr. William A. Brady announces
MR. MANTELL
in Shakesperean and other classic plays
THE ORDER OF PRESENTATION IS

Monday Evening ... MACBETH
Tuesday Evening ... HAMLET
Wednesday Matinee ... ROMEO AND JULIET
Wednesday Evening ... OTHELLO
Thursday Evening ... KING LEAR
Friday Evening ... LOUIS XI
Saturday Matinee ... THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
Saturday Evening ... RICHARD III

Mr. Mantell played 100 consecutive nights of Shaksperean and other classic plays at the New Amsterdam Theatre and the Academy of Music, New York City, last season—a record unequalled since the days of Edwin Booth.

.. KODAKS ..
NOTICE REMOVAL
J. G. Ramsey & Co., Limited
Have moved to their new premises at 66 King St. West.
(A few doors west of the "Mail and Empire.")
We will be pleased to see all our old patrons at our NEW STORE.

TEACHER'S
The highest virtue that can be claimed for a beverage is PURITY.
Of Scotch Whisky Brands there are few that can, with so much justification, claim absolute purity as can TEACHER'S. Matured in wood, and mellowed by age.
Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto, Can.
Ottawa Wine Vault Co., Ottawa, Can.
AND RETAILED IN TORONTO BY
WM. MARA & CO.

VOICE PIANO ORGAN THEORY
Incorporated 1890
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED
IN AFFILIATION WITH UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.
12 and 14 Pembroke Street.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus.Doc. (Tor.)
Musical Director.
Send for Calendar.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher, St. Margaret's College, Moulton College, Toronto.
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—23 "La Plaza," Charles Street.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone
Teacher of Singing. Vocal Director Ontario Ladies' College. Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East. Phone Main 4669.

PERCY R. HOLLINSHEAD
Lyric, Dramatic Tenor
Soloist, Bloor St. Presbyterian Church
Studio: Gerhard Heintzman's, 97 Yonge St.
Method: Modern Italian—"Bel Canto."

THE MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Limited
193 Beverley Street
Full information on application
Fall Term begins Sept. 2, 1909.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
Solo Violinist
Studios for teaching—
Conservatory of Music.
168 Carlton Street.

Vocal Studio
MISS MARIE G. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.

W. PRESTON MacHENRY
Concert Baritone. Twenty years' success as teacher of singing. Studio—Dominion Chambers, S.E. Cor. Spadina and College. Send for information leaflet.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio: 58 Beaconsfield.
Voices tested free.

FRANK CONVERSE SMITH
Violinist
Studios at Dominion Chambers, corner of College St. and Spadina Ave.
Phone College 4799.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Piano, Organ, Theory
Studios at Nordheimer's and Toronto College of Music.
Residence: 48 Hawthorne Avenue, Rosedale. Phone: North 3957.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
For Teachers and Children.
Mrs. C. Farmer, 750 Bathurst Street
Advanced Piano and Theory
E. J. Farmer, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Pupil of Schreck, Hofmann and Wendling, Leipsic. 750 Bathurst St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Phone, College 2791.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Will resume instruction in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing on Thursday, Sept. 2. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Tuesday and Friday evenings.
Studio: 3 Carlton St.

ADA J. F. TWOHY
Mus. Bac.
Solo Pianist and Accompanist.
Member Piano Faculty, Toronto Conservatory of Music. Address, 588 Spadina Ave.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR
of Toronto
A. S. VOGT, Conductor
For all information regarding Concerts, membership in Chorus, etc., address T. A. Reed, Secretary, 319 Markham Street, Toronto.

H. ETHEL SHEPHERD
Soprano, Concert and Oratorio.
Pupil of Oscar Saenger, New York; Frank Sing Clarke, Paris; Jean de Reszke, Paris. Voice Instruction. Studio. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Pianist
Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence: 28 Willcocks Street.

J. D. A. TRIPP
For Piano Instruction and Concerts
Apply Toronto Conservatory of Music.

DR. ALBERT HAM
Voice Production and Singing
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 561 Jarvis Street.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portrait Painter
Studio: 24 King Street West.

THE APOLLO SCHOOL OF MUSIC
E. M. ROBINSON, Musical Directress.
174 Ossington Ave. Phone Coll. 4482.
Piano—Vocal—Theory—Kindergarten Music.
Recitals and Music Examinations a specialty.

The Heart of a Piano is the Action
Insist on
"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action

MUSIC

An airy essay from the pen of Mr. G. S. Robertson upon the subject of "Music at Meals" recently appeared in the decorous pages of The Saturday Review, an English publication. Mr. Robertson cloaks his excellent wit in a garb of comical gravity which some of his serious-minded compatriots utterly fail to see through, as is shown by the series of letters which has appeared, commenting upon the persiflage of the essayist in a spirit of the most laughable sobriety.

Mr. Robertson begins his little treatise with the following sentence: "From the boar's-head procession at Queen's College, Oxford, down to the parade of waiters bearing "illuminated ice-creams" on a German liner, music has been used to whet the appetite and lay stress on the beauty of the viands which form the text."

Of the various kinds of music, "purely culinary music" is declared to be rare and mostly obsolete; such a number as "The Roast Beef of Old England" being rather patriotic than gastronomic.

The second class of meal-time music is shown to be that connected with food by some association of ideas, and as example "The Chough and Crow" is cited, it being an immemorial custom to perform the same at the dinner following the inter-University sports.

The third class is the meal-time melody which is purely irrelevant, and the performance of such is declared to be an "insidious and detestable custom."

After an amusing description of the various manners in which this is purveyed, the essayist goes on to discuss in most delightful fashion how one shall escape from it. Various methods are weighed, among which that of Ulysses of stopping the ears is mentioned, but the author disposes of this by remarking: "I have always been taught to consider that making bread-pills was bad manners."

The writer concludes by saying that inappropriateness is the bane of music in restaurants. "The other night I consumed my chop to the accompaniment of an air sung by Nebuchadnezzar in one of Verdi's earliest operas. Now if only I had been eating grass—"

The wit of Mr. Robertson is of an almost Gallic lightness that it goes completely over the heads of some of his matter-of-fact fellow-countrymen. The following *jeu d'esprit* is the one which his heavy-minded correspondents have seized upon to dispute over: "Instrumental music invariably encourages conversation, and loud conversation too, because you have to overcome the resistance of the orchestra; and active talk, they tell us, is especially good for digestion."

In his letter, "Diner Out" comments as follows upon the foregoing: "Instrumental music invariably encourages conversation? Not invariably, I think. Instrumental music, I have often noticed, silences conversation."

This is rich, but it cannot compare with the ponderous comment of one D. N. Samson, who may be as strong physically as his historic namesake, but who should bear in mind that "it is not strength but art which wins the prize." Mr. Samson delivers himself of the following semi-legal phraseology: "The fanciful picture of a number of highly respectable and, presumably, more or less educated English citizens being goaded into loud conversation by the strains of an orchestra acting as an irritant is very amusing, and one is almost tempted to suspect Mr. Robertson of laughing in his sleeve as he sketched it."

Our advice to Mr. Samson would be: Yield not to temptation, and you'll never see the joke.

The tart conclusion which this worthy gentleman comes to is: "Music at meals for persons who have anything to say to each other is out of place and a nuisance."

Be that as it may, it must be admitted that even music is more tolerable than the conversation of some people.

* * *

The very great success of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra last season has fully demonstrated the readiness of the Toronto public to support the effort to maintain upon a sound and progressive basis an organization calculated, as this is, to appeal to all who appreciate the truly good in music.

An interesting pamphlet has been issued announcing the approximate dates of the six concerts that have been planned. Madame Gadski, who sang herself into the hearts of all who heard her in December last, will assist the Orchestra in the first of the series on Oct. 25, and will be followed by Fritz Kreisler, David Bispham, Mischa Elman, and other artists of equal renown.

The Scotch Symphony of Mendelssohn, the Haydn Symphony in D major, the Beethoven Symphony No. 7 in A, the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, and the New World Symphony of Dvorak, together with a number of smaller works of much interest and attractiveness will be included in the season's programmes. Such a menu promises a rich feast for the musically inclined.

The fame of our Toronto band of players has gone abroad. Quite recently Mr. Welsman received a letter from a manager in Hartford, Conn., endeavoring to negotiate for a tour of eight concerts in the New England States. The matter has not yet been brought up before the Committee of the Orchestra, but the difficulties in the way of arranging such an expedition almost preclude the possibility of such being attempted at present. But the offer comes as a very timely compliment to our symphonic development.

SCHUMAN-HEINK,
the famous prima donna, who will appear at Massey Hall next Thursday evening. This concert will open the musical season in Toronto.

* * *

The growth of Brantford as a musical centre is a matter for some congratulation. Besides its two annual concerts given by the local Schubert Society with the Pittsburg Orchestra, Brantford has enjoyed the privilege of hearing many star attractions of international reputation. Last spring Madame Nordica sang to a large audience at prices that at one time would have been considered prohibitive.

The musical season there opens with a concert by the Damrosch Orchestra with Miss Clara Clemens—Mark Twain's daughter—as contralto soloists. Other good attractions are booked to follow throughout the year.

* * *

A capacity audience listened to the organ recital given on Monday evening at St. John's Presbyterian Church by Mr. Ernest A. C. MacMillan, A.R.C.O. The occasion was the opening of the new tubular-pneumatic organ which has been installed by the Mathews Church Organ Co., of this city. The instrument is a very great credit to the builders; the delicacy and individuality of the solo stops, and the rich and solid tone of the full organ being especially commendable.

Mr. MacMillan, who until a few years ago was known as a clever boy prodigy in local musical circles, performed an exacting programme in very capable fashion. His work on Monday evening clearly showed that with continued ripening and development of his powers he will eventually take his place amongst our foremost Canadian organists. His programme consisted of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in B minor, two movements of the Rheinberger Sonata in A minor, and several lesser works. Mr. Ernest Hazeldine, tenor, rendered "Sound an Alarm" from Judas Maccabeus in fine style, and also contributed "The Light of the World" with excellent effect. The choir, under the direction of Mr. W. R. Young, the organist and leader, rendered several anthems in a very creditable manner, in one of which selections a solo was taken by Miss Jennie Kimber.

* * *

Mrs. (Dr.) William A. White, A.T.C.M., and daughters Mildred and Mosetta, who have been visiting relatives in Toronto and Bowmanville through the summer months, have returned home to New York City. Mrs. White was pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, this city, and is a gold medallist in vocal of Toronto Conservatory of Music, and has delighted many with her beautiful soprano voice during her sojourn in Canada.

* * *

Miss Dora Stutchbury, pupil of Constance Veitch, was heard to advantage in a piano recital on Thursday evening of last week in the hall of the Toronto College of Music. An interesting programme was proffered, including "Liebestraume," Liszt; Nocturne, Schumann; Concerto op. 25, 1st mov., Mendelssohn. Miss Stutchbury was assisted by Eveline Ashworth, vocalist; Constance Veitch, 'cellist; and Mamie Macdonald, accompanist.

Arpeggio.

Poetry and Parents.

"You never can tell whether poetry is loaded or not," said a Columbia professor, descanting upon the Muse, "and what a poet writes in the moments of his fine frenzy rolling may be susceptible of changes which would make him curse the pen did he but know whence it pointed. Now, listen to this couplet:

"'Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.'

"It sounds like some kind of a family poem, doesn't it, with paw and maw coming in to make the rhyme? Do you imagine the poet when he wrote the lines ever thought of the parents represented in such a homely way, and how the meaning of the whole thing could be changed by changing the meaning of the end words of the two lines? Was he a beginner? Oh, no, he was not a beginner. He had written several very classy things. He was John Milton. You remember he wrote 'Paradise Lost' and two or three other pieces of considerable merit, though he never quite got into the 'six best sellers' list, and these two lines I have quoted close his sonnet to Lord Protector Cromwell, written in 1652."—New York Herald.

He (just rejected)—I shall never marry now. She—Foolish man! Why not? He—If you won't have me, who will?—Boston Transcript.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., MUSICAL DIRECTOR.
GRADUATING COURSES under eminent teachers in Piano, Singing, Organ, Violin, Theory, and all other branches of Music.
KINDERGARTEN and ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION by trained teachers. Certificates, Diplomas, Scholarships and Free Advantages. Faculty of 100 Specialists. Equipment Not Excelled in America.
PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME
YEAR BOOK (160 pages) MAILED ON APPLICATION
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
SPECIAL CALENDAR F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.D., Principal
Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Vocal Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature

The Mason & Risch Mission Design

A BEAUTIFUL casing for a beautiful instrument. The revival of the old-time Spanish "Mission" type of furniture is to-day a prominent feature in up-to-date interior decoration. Its application to the Mason & Risch Piano is a fitting conjunction of enduring merit in both the builder's and the pianomaker's arts. Musically, the

MASON & RISCH
"THE PIANO WITH A SOUL"

—in any design—has never been equalled. The Aliquot System, exclusive to these instruments, provides a long-sought-for ideal in tonal balance and enrichment. From the lowest bass to the highest treble, each note is rich, pure and sonorously beautiful in tone. To hear the Mason & Risch Piano played is to realize, perhaps for the first time, the fullest measure of exquisite musical beauty to which the high-grade piano can attain. Come and hear it.

The Mason & Risch Mission Design is fashioned in oak of various shades: Flemish, Golden, Bog, etc., to suit any desired color scheme. The instrument, although luxurious in appearance, is not an expensive one.

Whether you wish to purchase or not, your visit to our warerooms will always be welcome. Our booklet, "Inside Information," treats fully of the construction of our many designs, and will be sent to you on request, post free.

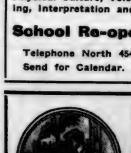
THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Limited
32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
A RESIDENTIAL & DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS TORONTO
Boys prepared for the Universities, the Royal Military College, and Business.
Excellent Staff. Complete Equipment. New Buildings. Large Athletic Fields.
Careful oversight of Athletic and Physical Training, with the object of fitting the boy for the work of life. Separate Lower School. During the ten years of its history, the College has met with remarkable success in attendance and efficiency of class room and general work.
Calendar Sent on Application REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Principal

The most unique event of the season.
Miss Isadora Duncan
the finest of classical dancers, and
THE N. Y. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conductor, Mr. Walter Damrosch.
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12
Prices: 75c, 50c, $1.50, $2.00. Sale begins Thursday, Oct. 7th.

SONG RECITAL
—BY—
Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson
Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Wednesday Evening Oct. 6th.
At 8.30 o'clock.
Plan at Conservatory opens Tuesday, September 28, at 9 a.m. Tickets, $1.00

THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL of Literature and Expression
North St., TORONTO
MRS. SCOTT RAFF, - Principal
Daily and Evening Classes in English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Singing, Interpretation and Dramatic Art.
School Re-opens Oct. 4
Telephone North 4544.
Send for Calendar.



22,000 MILES
of new railways now under construction in Canada and U. S. Just think of your fine chances of becoming a $10,000 man in some great railway company. You can get there, as thousands have, by starting as a telegraph operator. We can make you competent in a short time. Write for particulars.
CENTRAL TELEGRAPHY SCHOOL
Toronto, Canada.
W. H. SHAW, PRINCIPAL.

ERNEST J. SEITZ
Pianist and Teacher
Studio:
DOMINION BANK CHAMBERS
College St. and Spadina Ave.
Phones: Studio, C. 4799. Res., N. 2815.

THE MISSES STERNBERG
Dancing, Physical Culture, Fencing.
SIMPSON HALL, 734 YONGE ST.
Classes now forming. Teachers' Training Course.
Office hours, 2-6 p.m., except Saturdays.

The Piercing Rheumatism
is from Uric Acid in the Blood.
Get it out with
Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt
GOLD EVERYWHERE. 34

JAEGER PURE WOOL

Underwear — Gloves and Hosiery
Knitted Coats — Dressing Gowns
Fancy Knitted Goods — Rugs and Blankets

Our stock is fully assorted for fall business.

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

WREYFORD & CO.
85 KING ST. W., TORONTO
TEL. M. 2011.

REGAL SHOES
For Young Men

In our large showing of new Regal Fall styles there are some more pronounced models for those who prefer the extreme fashions of the season.

These smart Regal styles will appeal to every young man in town. They cannot be duplicated in any *other* ready-to-wear shoes—nor can other shoes give the exact fit you get in Regal *quarter-sizes.*

Write for Fall style Book

REGAL SHOE STORE
110 YONGE ST., TORONTO

AT MICHIE'S

Candle Shades

The delicate shaded candle retains its important place in the decoration of the dinner table, and our selection this season is both extensive and attractive.

Silk Candle Shades are, of course, the softest, richest, and produce the most delicate effects, but there are Linen and Paper Shades which are remarkably pretty and decorative.

Silk Electric Light Shades, which soften the light, modify the tone and beautify the general effect, are offered at special prices ranging from 50c. to 75c.

The Paper Table Mats and D'Oylies are in this department. Our range of patterns and sizes has been growing steadily for years and it is now our aim to have our assortment so complete as to supply any size or pattern required.

MICHIE & CO., Ltd.
7 King Street West
TORONTO

The Perfect "L & M"
AUTO AND CARRIAGE WASHER

Price $2.00 Del'd — Extra Top 60c Del'd

Pat. App. for. Agents Wanted.
This washer is a great improvement over other makes. The hose connection is of nickeled brass. The removable mop-yarn top will outlast six sponges. Will wash sideways between spokes or under fenders. Indispensable for Garages, Liveries, Laundries or private owners. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfactory.
LONG & MANN CO., MFRS., Rochester, N.Y.
Geo. B. Frost, Canadian Distributor, Smith's Falls, Ont. Member Ontario Motor League.

ANECDOTAL

THERE is a good story told of the days when Lord Halsbury was a barrister. He was arguing a case on behalf of a Welshman, and showed a great knowledge of the Principality and its people.

"Come, come," said the judge at last, "you know you can not make yourself out to be a Welshman."

"Perhaps not," replied the barrister, "but I have made a great deal of money out of Welshmen in my time."

"Well, then," replied the judge, "suppose we call you a Welshman by extraction."

* * *

A COLORED man from Georgia had lived in Washington but a few days when he was arrested for some slight violation of the city ordinances. Upon hearing that the negro was in jail, the secretary of the colored Y.M.C.A. secured the services of a minister to go with him and sign the prisoner's bail-bond.

A COMEDY IN HIGH LIFE.
The Aeronaut (to nervous passenger): "My dear sir, you need not be alarmed. Your fears are groundless."
The Nervous Passenger: "That is just what worries me."—The Tatler.

They reached the jail shortly before noon, and told the negro the object of their visit. In response to the proffered kindness he said:

"Mistah Johnsing, I sho is glad you-all is gwine tah git me out, but I wants you-all to fix it so I can't git out tell late dis ebenin'."

Of course the two Samaritans were somewhat taken aback by this unusual request. But a moment later they lost their breath when, in answer to the secretary's question, the Georgia negro replied in a whisper:

"Well, sah, dey's a-gittin' dinnah ready, an' dey's cookin' greens; an' I sho would like to git some o' dem greens befo' I leabes dis place!"

* * *

THERE was a couple who had two children, a boy of sixteen and a girl of fourteen. About that time of life another baby came along. With that prudishness so commonly found, the parents took the greatest pains that the children should not know anything about the condition of their mother or the impending event, and when the time approached, the girl was sent on a vacation to some relatives in another city. At last the great event took place, and the father came in and said to the boy:

"Johnny, you have a new baby brother."

The boy said nothing. The father sat down at his desk and in a few moments handed the boy a telegram.

"Take that to the telegraph office," he said, "and send it to sister. Here is a dollar to pay the charges."

The boy came back after a while and handed his father the change.

"What," said the father, "that telegram cost more than 35 cents, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes," the boy replied, "the one *you* wrote would have cost more. I sent one of my own."

"You did," the father said, "and what did you say?"

"Oh," the lad replied, "I just wired sister: 'I win, it's a boy.'"

* * *

A GOOD story is told of an ambitious young wife who decided to take up gardening. When her husband was starting for business one morning, he was handed a sheet of paper containing a lengthy list of seeds which he was to procure. Glancing at the list, he asked, "You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," she replied.

"Well, those you've put down here don't bloom till next summer."

"Oh, that's all right," she said.

"All right; how is it all right?"

"I am making up my list," she explained, "from a last year's catalog."

* * *

THE teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle "just over."

One bright afternoon she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an *"eponge pour la bain,"* but did not know what to ask for.

"Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug store.

A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely.

"Please," she said, smilingly, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

* * *

PROFESSOR Robert Herrick possesses a full share of the artist's sensitiveness in regard to the inartistic. Some years ago he had for next-door neighbors a family among whose charms good taste was lacking.

One morning the professor's little daughter made an unexpected call at the house of this family. "Show me the rug in your room," she demanded with childish imperiousness.

The lady of the house suppressed her wonder and took her little visitor upstairs. Inside the door the child stood and stared at the rug for a couple of minutes. "Hm!" she said, and sat herself firmly in a chair, her eyes glued to the rug. Finally she confided to her wondering hostess, "Well, it doesn't make *me* sick!"

* * *

A WESTERN detective was being complimented one day about an absconding banker he had run to earth.

"Oh, the man gave himself away," said the detective. "He shied too much. Everything seemed, in his morbid mind, to point suspicion at him. He was like the old 'widdy' woman.

"An old 'widdy' woman went to an undertaker's to order a coffin for her deceased husband.

"'He was very, very good to me,' she said, 'and I'll have a coffin of the best yellow pine.'

"'Yes, madam. That'll be $14,' said the undertaker. 'And what kind of trimmings will you have on the coffin?'

"'Trimmin's!' cried the 'widdy' woman. 'And right well ye know, ye spalpeen, that I'll have no trimmin's at all, when it was the trimmin's that the poor lad died of, bad luck to 'em!'"

* * *

TWO young ladies boarded a crowded street car and were obliged to stand. One of them, to steady herself, took hold of what she supposed was her friend's hand. They had stood thus for some time when, on looking down, she discovered that she was holding a man's hand. Greatly embarrassed she exclaimed: "Oh! I've got the wrong hand!"

Whereupon the man, with a smile, stretched forth his other hand, saying: "Here is the other one, madam."

* * *

A CERTAIN young man's friends thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When, in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life, he was asked how it seemed to be dead.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all that was going on. And I knew that I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.

"Well, this way; I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry. And if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

* * *

THE following odd story of an African prince was recently told by an after-dinner speaker:

"This prince entered Oxford or Cambridge—I forget which— and amused himself with motor-cars and bull-dogs till examination time drew near. Examination time frightened the young prince horribly. He began to study, and he cabled home to the king, his father:

"'Examination next week. Most difficult. Implore aid of gods in my behalf.'"

A few days later this reply came back from the barbarous West Coast monarch:

"'Rites performed. Fourteen picked youths, all sons of nobles, have been sacrificed. Omens propitious.'

"Yet, would you believe it? the young prince flunked.'"

* * *

SIR EDWARD MALET'S recently issued memoirs give the following as Bismarck's favorite story:

A traveller in the shires rested at noon at a wayside hostelry and took luncheon. When it was finished he asked for his bill. The landlord brought it to him. After casting a glance at it he looked at Boniface and said, "What is your name?"

"My name," replied the landlord, "is Partridge."

"Ah," said the traveller, "by the length of your bill I should have thought it would have been Woodcock!"

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN business man attended the daughter's commencement exercises at an Eastern college recently. He had been greatly pleased with the beauty and dignity of the exercises and was discoursing to his wife upon the refining influences of college life.

Suddenly his impressive monologue was cut short. A girl, in cap and gown, came dashing down the steps of the main hall, waving her diploma and shouting, "Educated, by gosh!"

* * *

WILLIAM Travers Jerome, district-attorney of New York, went down to Georgia to address the Georgia Bar Association.

Colonel Peter Meldrim was showing Jerome around.

"You see that man," said the Colonel, pointing out a distinguished person who sat on the hotel porch.

"I do."

"Well, suh, that is a man in whom our State takes great pride. He is Judge ——, suh, the only man in Georgia who can strut sitting down."

* * *

HARVEY Worthington Loomis once went abroad to study music. He was a young man, and when, after a two weeks' voyage, he landed in France, he was very homesick. He stood it for two days and then booked his passage on the same ship and returned to America. When he rang the bell at his home in Brooklyn, his sister opened the door.

"Why, Harvey!" she exclaimed, "what *is* the matter?"

"Oh," he replied innocently, "I forgot my toothbrush."

VILLAGE POLITICS.
Jarge (at the end of a long discussion): "Wot I say, Bill, is this—there's a lot goin' on as me and you knows nothin' about."—Punch.

"All is fair in love and war."
Many a man has lost his heart over a cup of

CHASE & SANBORN'S
"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE
101

You may always depend on the genuineness of Jenkins Antiques. We will be pleased to show you over our galleries at any time.

Our New Art Gallery.
We have just opened a new art gallery which we will be pleased to have you see.

B. M. & T. Jenkins
Antique Gallery
422-424 Yonge St. - - Toronto

TRADE MARK

JAEGER UNDERWEAR FOR HEALTH!

It is conceded that we must wear woollen underwear in our cold weather.

Naturally we want the most healthy, the most comfortable and the most economic.

Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear
IS THE FINEST UNDERWEAR IN THE WORLD.

It is so pure in quality, so perfect in weave and make that Jaeger wearers are the best fortified against cold and chills (with accompanying danger)—the most comfortably clad and the best satisfied as to value.

Insist on getting Jaeger and if your dealer does not keep it write to us direct.

Sold by leading dealers in principal cities.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, free.

DR. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED.

RETAIL DEPOTS: 10 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, 316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal, 364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

'CAMP' COFFEE
The Traveller's Friend!

By Road or Rail,
By Land or Sea,
Your boon companion
'Camp' should be.

Fragrant—Invigorating—
ready in a moment.

R. Paterson & Sons,
Coffee Specialists,
Glasgow

Rub your hands, face and neck gently with

SANITOL FACE CREAM

The Oxygen Face Cream

Its healing and purifying properties instantly become active. Its work is not on the surface—but in the pores. That's because Sanitol Face Cream is instantly absorbed. The oxygen in it neutralizes the impurities in the pores—feeds the blood vessels and leaves that transparency which is the sign of a perfectly healthy skin.

Being absorbed quickly and containing no grease, Sanitol Face Cream is *convenient* to use at any time. No danger of soiling anything with which it comes in contact.

25c. everywhere

PICTURE MAKING

is as easy as

PICTURE TAKING

by the

KODAK SYSTEM

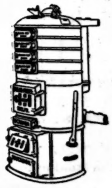
With the KODAK FILM TANK the novice can produce *in full daylight* negatives equal to those produced by experts by the dark-room method.

Anybody can make first-class prints on VELOX (there's a grade for every negative)—any time and by any light.

Let us send you copies of our booklets—"Tank Development" and "The Velox Book."

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited
TORONTO, CAN.

Instead of a Larger Fire Pot the "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Furnace is Made With a Larger First Section . . . . . .



"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER FURNACE

That is why a small **"SOVEREIGN"** Furnace has a greater heating capacity than a larger size in any other make of house heating apparatus that takes more coal.

The plain argument, and the positive proofs are contained in our booklet on "Heating."

Write for it.

Made by the **TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED, GUELPH**

Toronto Office and Showrooms: 1088 King St. W.

THE jealous-minded person is often ridiculous, often very miserable, and never properly equipped with self-respect. Jealousy is at once mean and cheapening to its owner, and knows neither rhyme nor reason, for there are folk who will even be jealous of the dead. A woman has told me bitterly of her husband's love for his first wife, whose portrait hung above his pillow, despite her frank objections to the choice of such a location for her predecessor. One night as the husband slept, the cord holding up the picture gave way, and in falling, the picture frame cut a fair-sized slice off the slumberer's none-too-handsome face. And the second wife rejoiced in the contretemps as a just punishment, and a solace to her own jealous feelings, for, needless to state, the portrait was after that hung elsewhere. The tactless husband deserved his wounds, no doubt, although the jealous wife was finely enraged when I pretended to hold her and not "the moths" responsible for the contretemps. Jealous people take everything too seriously, and so destroy that sense of the ridiculous which would be their salvation.

A curious sort of jealousy is that felt by the woman who thought she was going to be his wife toward the woman he married. Everything the wife does is criticised and belittled, her dress is tasteless, her cooking untempting, her housekeeping deplorable. "No wonder the poor man looks thin and worn and ill-fed! And to think what comfort he might have had, now that he's getting on, if he had but chosen wisely! But she just roped him in; there was no escape for him." That's the way the green-eyed monster talks, to the vast amusement of all that are "wise," and the vain wrath and exasperation of the wife, to whom every remark is instantly reported. Jealousy of the girl one's son marries or intends to marry, is the common lot of the mother who adores him, smothered often in a wise pretence of sympathy and approval, but present at all events until the arrival of the first grandchild. After that epoch, the dignity conferred upon the jealous one generally sweetens the acidity of her feelings, and the first and second generation harmonize in mad worship of the third. Jealousy shows its ugly head oftener in our sex, I'm forced to admit, anu naturally so, as our numbers predominate so greatly in settled communities. The good things aren't enough to go round, and one is therefore more anxious to retain or secure the portion vouchsafed by the caprice of man, or the kindness of the powers that guide our destinies.

I have for years guarded a funny little happening from print out of that respect for one's friend, which they tell me mars the true journalist. This is a man's telling, and worthy of real contempt. The "true journalist," who would sell his neighbor for a "stick of copy," may go his ruthless way, but there are truer than he—who to themselves are true, and who guard the telling of things which might hurt or mortify or even only embarrass a friend, and never get any credit for their forbearance or consideration. Scores of times the journalist is met with the temptation of an excellent story told by a mischief-maker, who finishes it with, "Now, you can score them beautifully if you like it. I won't give you away!" All of which is more serious than the small matter which started this paragraph. A little funny happening which I was recently assured by those most concerned I might tell if I liked. They had newly arrived to take possession of a new home in a sweet small seaport in the Tenth Island, just when I came to the same place during my vacation some years ago. As I trotted down the hill from the depot to the quaint boarding-house I knew of, I saw the white house by the roadside turned out o' windows, for the new mistress is a model housewife, and nothing less than personal overhauling would satisfy her. Heart-full of hospitality, she bemoaned my untimely advent, but arranged a hasty "five o'clock tea" for the speeding of my departure a few days later. The little maid who came to fetch me, "in case I forgot," confided to me that the preparations had been merely temporary, lace curtains were folded over hastily set poles, rugs were covering the lately scrubbed floor, a huge bunch of lilac filled the brass tub of water in the entry, and a flowering plant bedecked the centre table. On a huge silver tray scores of years old, was arranged the five o'clock tea—a new repast and scornfully regarded by certain old-timers, but personally supervised and regulated by the little maid, who had many city ways. I bewailed the trouble I was giving, but was hooted at for my pains, for 'tis never a trouble in Newfoundland to do for one's friends. As we climbed the hill from the quaint pension where I was star boarder, we saw the mistress, tall and slight in her black gown, her snowy hair ruffled into waves by the keen lovely sea air, her brilliant dark eyes shaded by her hand, as she stood in the roadway watching for us, a stately figure, with a certain old-time dignity, Ireland's gift to her well-born children. Suddenly there came a crash as of falling glass or china, and the mistress fled back to the house, whence presently resounded cries of "Oh! you little wretch—you villain! Will you get out!" and thwacks which sounded rather decided. Just as we reached the level of the new home, a very tiny black beast dashed out into the road, the smallest wee nanny-goat with the biggest wooden neck-yoke and in the grandest rage one could imagine. She faced back at the house, at the mistress with her longest broom, and stamped her tiny hoof and bleated a defiant note, her short tail twitching with indignation, and her bleat trembling with fury. She was so little and so mad, and the shred of lace curtain dangling from her collar was so suggestive that the little maid and I hurried in to see what had happened.

We waded into several gallons of water in the entry, where the nanny had evidently begun to make a meal of the lilacs, and upset the brass bowl. She had then tracked into the temporarily settled parlor, and had a grab at the flowering plant, but seeing the corner of the beautiful Mexican drawn-work cloth on the fine big tray of goodies had begun on that, with disastrous consequences to the equilibrium of the tea-party provisions. Everything was about the floor, squares of white sugar and tiny buttered biscuits and rivers of cream and light tea cake, and all the delicacies for which my appetite had been getting ready all day! And the lace curtains spread themselves over the mess, and over the upturned chairs, and the general debris, attendant upon the flight of a furious little nanny and a pursuant mistress. To be serious in the face of this cataclasm, was beyond me. I dropped on the step and let go! and the indignation of the little maid and the righteous wrath of the Irish lady only added fuel to the flames. Then we all roared as we ruefully set up the furniture and rescued the sugar and biscuits and tea cake. "You'd not think one little beast could do so much damage," I gasped, when I could get my breath. "Then you don't know a Newfoundland goat," said the little maid, wiping up a rill of yellow cream and carefully piecing together some scraps of rare old china. "They are the most inquisitive, the most agile and the most determined imps ever created. That one has been dying of curiosity since we came, and we've had to chase her off every hour. How she managed to slip in, no one can explain. She's had her fling now, and broken three pieces of the tea-set." Then I did not laugh any more, for here was a real tragedy. But it happened one day last month that I was taking tea in that same cosy room, and the tale of the goat was told, and I got leave to put it in print, and the mistress, with a lack of feeling one could quite understand informed me that the nanny either in an accusatory of forgiving spirit had come one night last winter and died upon the doorstep!

LADY GAY.

WHEN GOING TO NEW YORK, TRAVEL VIA THE ONLY DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE.

Trains leave Toronto 4.20 and 6.10 p.m. daily, via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley. Former train has Pullman sleeper, Buffalo to New York, and 6.10 p.m. train has Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York.

Tickets, reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

Irate Woman—"These photographs you made of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory and I refuse to accept them. Why, my husband looks like a baboon."

Photographer—"Well, that's no fault of mine, madam. You should have thought of that before you had him taken."—Chicago Daily News.

"I wish Lucy hadn't gone rowing with that young Pliffers," says Lucy's mama. "He is such a fool in a boat."

"Rock-the-boat idiot?" smiles the listener.

"No. Not that kind. He is one of the sort that proposes."—Life.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

56 YEARS' GROWTH IN MERCHANDISING

Fall Display of Tailored Suits

There's a thoroughly distinctive style type to every garment that bears the MURRAY label—it's a certificate of smartness and good taste; a guarantee of superior materials and workmanship, and a passport to the favorable consideration of the very best dressers, who know Fashion's most exacting demands, and desire to adhere to them. We do not intend to let a single garment go out of this house that will not properly and adequately express the "Murray" policy.

We will at all times see to it that the materials, linings, workmanship, fit, and above all, the style, are of such a character that each patron will not only be proud to show the "MURRAY" label, but that each garment shall be so fairly and squarely priced and the guarantee of satisfaction so apparent that each customer will voluntarily declare "It's a 'MURRAY' garment, so reasonable in price, so smart, so stylish."

Among our many styles we particularly request you to examine our special $25 Suit.

Dressy Tailored Models, in the newest fall styles, made of fine-quality serges, cheviots, broadcloths, and fancy-striped suitings, lined with best-quality silk and satin, all tailored and finished up to "Murray's" standard. This suit could not be imported for less than $35. Before making your fall selection you should examine this line, as you will certainly agree with us when we say the value is unequalled. Our special price **$25.00**

Opening of the Deer Season

If you contemplate going North this Fall, drop into the office of the nearest C.P.R. Ticket Agent, and obtain the latest published information on the subject of deer shooting in Northern Ontario.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

For full information apply to any ticket agent, or write R. L. Thompson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

You Will Appreciate

THE SAVING MADE

By having us clean, press or dye your soiled, wrinkled or faded clothing.

Send for Our New Booklet which tells in detail about our work.

"MY VALET"

FOUNTAIN, THE CLEANER

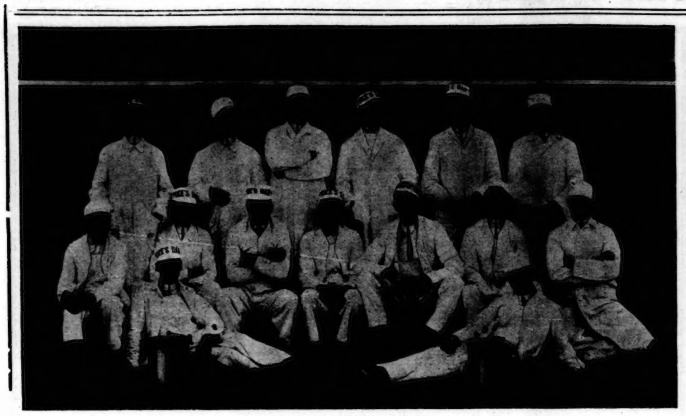
30 Adelaide St. W. - - Toronto

Phone Main 5000

MRS. MEYER'S PARLORS

At Sunnyside are again the attraction to those who want nice, restful, healthful surroundings, while partaking of Dinners or Lunches, including our famous Fish Meals also the prettiest Ballroom in the city.

P. V. MEYER, Proprietress
PHONE P. 925



EVIDENCE OF CLEANLINESS.

A group of milkers at Price's Erindale Dairy Farm, where Certified Milk is produced for Infants and Invalids according to the rules of the Academy of Medicine Milk Commission.

Plays and Players

(*Continued from page* 14.)

Again." The Eight Original Madcaps, the Harum-Scarum Girls, will be the special feature for the week. The Three Keatons (Joe, Myra and Buster), Harry B. Lester, The Dolly Sisters, The Havelocks, and the Kinetograph will complete the bill.

* * *

At the Gayety next week the patrons are to be presented with a direct importation from the Moulin Rouge, Paris, according to the advance notices. Mlle. Minar, a pantomime dancer, and the Four Turins, will give a pantomime said to have been written for them by Signor Mollaso—a name that ought to stand for something good. There will also be a French ballet in "The Queens of the Jardin de Paris," which is the name of the coming attraction.

* * *

Among the specialties that the Wm. Morris Inc. will present at the Majestic Music Hall next week are a number of acts new to Toronto theatregoers. The turns include the original Svengali Trio, in music, mimicry and mystery; Besnah and Miller in "Something Doing"; Rostow, the Russian equilibrist; Clemenso Brothers, musical acrobatic clowns; Fischer and Burkhardt, in a song specialty; Sisters Rappo, direct from the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg; Estelle Wordette & Co., in their own original playlet, "A Honeymoon in the Catskills," and the only George Wilson ("Waltz Me Again"). First Nighter.

A Winter in the Frozen South.

UNTIL the world was startled by the news of the discovery of the North Pole, the record for Polar exploration was held by Lieut. E. H. Shackleton of the British Navy, who planted the Union Jack 111 miles from the South Pole on January 9, 1909. The exploring party of fifteen men left England in August, 1907, and after a stay in New Zealand, reached the Antarctic Continent just as winter was setting in. A hut was built, and on February 22, 1908, their ship the Nimrod left them. In an article in McClure's Magazine, Lieutenant Shackleton gives the following account of life in his winter quarters:

At the lee side of the hut was erected shelter for the ponies, cases of maize, bales of fodder, tarpaulins, and planks being used for the purpose. The hardy animals did not seem to be impressed with this provision for their comfort, and during the first night under shelter some of them, after making a great deal of noise, broke loose and returned to the valley where they had previously been tethered. Shortly afterward Grisi, the most high-spirited of the lot, pushed his head through one of the windows of the hut. A store-room, built on the south side of the hut, succumbed to the first blizzard, and after the weather cleared we had to organize a party to search for lost property. I found a Russian felt boot, weighing over three pounds, lying three-quarters of a mile from the crate in which it had been packed. It must have travelled in the air, for it had not been scratched by the rocks over which it had passed.

A dark room was constructed in a corner of the interior of the hut, the cases containing bottled fruit being used for the purpose, and in the opposite corner I had a tiny cabin built of boards and roofed.

Life in the hut during the winter was not uninteresting. Each two men had a cubicle of their own, seven by six feet, and fenced off from the rest of our little world by means of steel wires and canvas. The general handiness of the members of the expedition could be judged by the manner in which these rooms were fitted and decorated.

One dividing curtain was painted to represent a fireplace, with a cheerful fire burning in the grate and a bunch of flowers on the mantelpiece—a cheering enough scene when the temperature was low. Another curtain showed life-size drawings of Napoleon and Joan of Arc. Joan was tied to the stake and flames were playing around her in a manner no doubt intended to suggest warmth. In order to give as much room as possible in the centre of the hut, we arranged to have the table hoisted up to the roof when not required, and this left space for the various operations that were carried on by members of the expedition.

The stove was not a success at first, but investigation showed that this was due to the absence of several important parts, which had not been put in when it was being erected in the hut, and after this omission had been made good it gave us every satisfaction. The stove was put to no light test, for it had to burn for over nine months, with an occasional break of not more than ten minutes on occasions when it was being cleaned. A meteorological station had been erected close to the hut, and here records were taken every two hours, sometimes in the face of blizzards that made work outside supremely unattractive. . . .

The long winter months were busy but not eventful. Every man had his share of work to do, and some of the investigations undertaken and discoveries made by the scientists were of a highly interesting character.

We lived under conditions of steady routine, broken only when a blizzard rushed down from the icy south and made difficult and unpleasant the operations of feeding the ponies and dogs, fetching coal and supplies from the outside, and taking the records at our meteorological station.

We played hockey and football in the open while there was sufficient light, and in the hut some of us amused ourselves with bridge, poker, and dominoes; while midwinter's day and birthdays were made the occasions of happy festivals, which helped to preserve our band from any attack of Polar ennui. Several of the members of the expedition employed themselves in the production of the "Aurora Australis," a book which was written, printed and illustrated in our winter quarters. The covers of the volumes were made from wood that had formed parts of the cases in which our provisions had been packed, and the amateur printing establishment provided occupation and amusement during the months of darkness.

Gradually these months passed, and as the spring approached we began to get impatient for the day when we should be able to make a start with the sledging expeditions toward the two goals of our ambitions—the South Magnetic Pole and the geographical South Pole itself.

The Sailing of the Roosevelt.

DESPITE the enthusiasm with which Commander Peary was received when he returned from his trip in 1906, the explorer had great difficulty in raising enough money to provide for the necessary expenses of what turned out to be his successful attempt to reach the North Pole. Talking with a representative of The New York Sun, Mr. Henry Edward Rood tells of Peary's careful preparations, of his trials getting his equipment together, and of some incidents of the departure of the Roosevelt. To quote.

An incident which Mr. Rood recalled with amusement was the vast amount of reading-matter which was sent to the Roosevelt, growing out of a reply made by Charley, the steward, to a young reporter, who mistook the steward for Captain Bartlett. The reporter asked the steward a day or two before the sailing of the vessel if anything more was needed on the expedition in addition to that stored below decks. "Well," said Charley, "if you've got an old book or two or a couple of papers you might send 'em along because we'll have plenty of time up there to read."

"That was about 8 o'clock on Friday night," Mr. Rood explained. "The newspapers of Saturday morning told how anxious Captain Bartlett was to obtain reading-matter for his men. It is generally believed that New Yorkers fail to arise early in the day, but at 6 o'clock that same Saturday morning a messenger-boy came down the pier staggering under a load of books. He put them aboard and fifteen minutes later an express wagon arrived and dumped a hundred pounds of literature on the pier.

"Until the hour of sailing on Monday a flood of reading-matter was swept aboard. At first these gifts were carefully stowed away for'ard, and when those quarters became filled they were dumped into the stokehold. When Captain Bartlett was told of it he said, 'Good thing. We'll save some of that ccal and go up the Sound under fuel of old magazines and best sellers of past seasons.' From that moment the Roosevelt consumed a menu of romance, poetry, philosophy and science probably without a parallel in the history of steam navigation. Some coal was used, of course, but the firemen shoveled along with it hundreds and thousands of old periodicals and newspapers."

It was just after the work of adjusting the compasses had been finished and the vessel was on her way to Oyster Bay that said Mr. Rood, "Charley the steward rang the dinner bell and all gathered for the evening meal excepting little Robert. He was found, however, snuggled up between two huge coils of rope on the after deck trying to lull to sleep a little sparrow that he had found there. Where the birdling came from nobody knew. It was too small to have flown on board, for it had not the use of its wings; but there it was and there it was adopted as a mascot, sharing the honors with a young kitten that wandered around with arched back, apparently under the impression that she owned the entire ship."

TO MONTREAL — THERE IS ONLY ONE DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE

and that is via Grand Trunk Railway System. Four trains leave Toronto 7.15 and 9 a.m., 8.30 and 10.15 p.m. daily. Excellent equipment. For tickets, reservations, etc., call at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

An Irishman fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. After he had struggled a moment the man let go and fell to the ground. Some one asked his reasons for letting go. "Faith," was the reply, "I was afraid the domn'd wire would break."—Medical Summary.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

GAMBLE—On September 25, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gamble, Ottawa, a son.

MASON—At Toronto, on September 8, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Mason, a daughter.

WOOD—On September 26, 1909, at Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Wood, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BECK—GLASSBURNE—On September 27, 1909, at Niagara Falls, Ont., Anne Marie Glassburne of New York city to Edward L. Beck of Toronto.

LOWNSBROUGH — PATTULLO — At "Burnside," Woodstock, on September 29th, by the Rev. W. T. McMullen, Mary Davenport, youngest daughter of Mr. Geo. R. Pattullo, to Harrison F. Lownsbrough of Toronto.

DEATHS.

COCKBURN—At Gravenhurst, on September 28th, 1909, J. P. Cockburn, aged 74 years.

WEST—Edward Taylor, infant son of Ethel Mary and Ernest George West, Toronto.

Have You a Silent Piano in Your Home?

Silent because no one in the family has a musical education—opened only when some visitor comes with the necessary skill!

Why not exchange it for a

Gerhard Heintzman Self-Playing Piano

—which ANYBODY can play—you, your wife, or any member of the family!

We accept pianos in exchange for this wonderful instrument. Think what the change would mean to you.

Call and ask us about it.

The Gerhard Heintzman is the only Canadian player commanding the WHOLE keyboard—OTHERS PRECLUDE THE USE OF TWENTY-THREE OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHT NOTES. Other features exclusive to the Gerhard Heintzman Player, because they are patented, are the transposing mouthpiece, the automatic rewind, independent motor, and expression buttons enabling you to play any piece of music as the composer intended it to be played.

Send NOW for our handsome booklet.

It will be mailed to you at once.

NOTE—On or about Oct. 15 we expect to be located in our own new building opposite City Hall.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN CO., Limited
97 YONGE STREET - - TORONTO

Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 King Street East.

Why are CARLING'S Ale, Porter & Lager Famous?

Because They are always Uniform and are Wholesome and Nutritious Beverages.

EVERY DEALER EVERYWHERE

Only $25.00
The Automatic Vacuum Cleaner

May be operated by one or two persons. IT IS THE ONLY ONE that uses Malleable Iron and Steel in place of tin and wood now used on other machines. No soldered joints to give trouble. The slip joints for hose, cans, tools and brass tube make these parts instantly detachable. It's much the simplest machine to clean because 95% of the dust is caught without screens. Simply empty the cans and brush off one canvas cylinder. It works easier and has a more powerful pump than any other machine, occupies less floor space and is easy to carry around. IT GETS ALL THE DIRT, raises the nap of the carpet and brings out the original colors. For cleaning Carpets, Rugs, Portieres, Upholstered Furniture, Pillows, etc., the "Automatic" has no equal.

THE "AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC" has just as many exclusive features. Agents wanted everywhere for both machines.

Onward Manfg. Co.
BEPLIN, - ONT.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA
Canada's Handsomest Theatre
Week Oct. 4 | Mats Thur. Sat.

Sam. S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.) will present AUGUSTUS THOMAS' DRAMATIC MASTERPIECE,

THE WITCHING HOUR

Greatest Play the Stage has ever revealed.
A Cast of incomparable Actors and Actresses, headed by Howard Gould.
Scenic Effects of Wondrous Beauty.
"The Witching Hour" begins where other plays leave off. It is in a class by itself.
THE TELEPATHIC TRIUMPH OF THE CENTURY.

GAYETY
HIGH CLASS BURLESQUE
DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10¢

WEEK OF OCT. 4
THE QUEENS OF THE JARDIN de PARIS
M'LLE MINAR
The European Pantomime Wonder
Prices 15, 25, 35, 50 & 75 c.

WEEK OF OCT. 11
The Follies of the Moulin Rouge

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Wednesday —MATS— Saturday

The Rural Play with City Tunes
THE HONEY-MOONERS
WITH
WILLIE DUNLAY
AND A
BIG COMPANY OF FAVORITES

SEATS NOW ON SALE

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily 25c	Week of Oct. 4	Evenings 25 & 50

First Vaudeville Tour of
GEO. BEBAN
and his Associate Players in "THE SIGN OF THE ROSE."
THE THREE KEATONS
Joe, Myra, and Buster.
HARRY B. LESTER
The Jovial Jester.
DOLLY SISTERS
Dainty Dancing Novelty.
EDDIE LEONARD
Assisted by Mable Russell and Field Bros
THE HAVELOCKS
Pantomimic Jugglers.
THE KINETOGRAPH
All New Pictures.
Special Extra Attraction
THE EIGHT MADCAPS
The Harum-Scarum Girls.

The Top Layer

THE Top Layer in a barrel of apples is generally the best in the barrel. The "top layer" is always the best in everything—except in a

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

which is always the same all the way through, clean, wholesome, nourishing—made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world—just the food for the Autumn days when you are trying to store up strength for the rigors of the Winter. Try it for breakfast with hot milk, a little cream and a dash of salt.

The "oyster months" are full of joy for the thousands who love the savory bivalve. The safe oyster is the cooked oyster. The way to eat them is creamed and in Shredded Wheat Biscuit "baskets," made by simply crushing in the top of the Biscuit with the bowl of a spoon. Nothing so deliciously wholesome and nourishing in the oyster months as creamed oysters with Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Always heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness before serving with oysters, meats, vegetables or fruits.

ALL THE MEAT IN THE GOLDEN WHEAT

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LIMITED,
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Toronto Office - - 49 Wellington St. East

THE IMPORTANCE OF PROMPTNESS IN FILLING PRESCRIPTIONS

cannot be overestimated. This is one of several points wherein my Prescription Department excels.

I don't ask you to believe that I fill prescriptions to better satisfaction than others.

I do ask you to have your next prescription filled here—just to enable me to show you how promptly such matters are looked after in this model drug store.

Hennessey's The dependable drug store 107 Yonge St. Toronto

WITH an extension set in connection with your residence telephone the housewife will have an additional facility to lighten her duties and increase her leisure moments.

Upstairs or downstairs your telephone will then be close at hand without weary stair climbing.

There are over 11,000 residence telephones in Toronto, and every one of these can connect with 15,200 business telephones. The whole equipment is at the disposal of any subscriber who never knows what part he may want.

The Cost is Small. Why Not Provide It?

Apply Contract Dept., Main 5460, for estimate and particulars regarding extension telephone or desk sets.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Society at the Capital

WEDDING bells still continue to chime merrily at oft-repeated intervals in Ottawa, and the chief social event of last week was a very pretty ceremony, which, though the invitations were limited to the relatives and very near friends of the principals, was particularly interesting owing to the fact that the bride has always been one of the most popular girls in the Capital. St. Andrew's church was once more the scene of this happy event, the bride being Miss Louie Playfair Gemmill, only daughter of the late J. A. Gemmill, Esq., K.C., and Mrs. Gemmill, of "Cliffside," and the groom, Mr. Hugh Phillips, of Winnipeg, son of the late Henry M. Phillips, Esq., and Mrs. Phillips, of London, England.

The church was thronged with friends of the bride, who has grown up among them in the Capital, and has always been a great favorite in society. The decorations of white roses, asters, ferns, and flowering shrubs were most effectively arranged, and broad white satin ribbons with clusters of asters at each pew, marked the area reserved for the guests. At two o'clock the strains of the wedding march played by the new and accomplished organist, Dr. Harper, heralded the entrance of the bride, who came in with her eldest brother, Lieut. James Gemmill, of the Royal Engineers, England, and looked extremely handsome and stately in her robe des noces of shimmering ivory satin. Exquisite Chantilly lace, the gift of her grandmother, Mrs. A. W. Ogilvie, of Montreal, was gracefully draped in tunic effect over the skirt, and the bodice was beautifully embroidered in silver and crystal. A coronet of orange blossoms and the conventional filmy veil looked particularly stunning on the luxuriant black hair of the queenly bride, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet composed entirely of lily of the valley, with floating chiffon streamers. The groom's gift was a magnificent diamond and pearl ring. Two dear little flower girls, the Misses Mavis and Marion Ogilvie, of Montreal, cousins of the bride, were her only attendants. They were pleasing pictures of daintiness in embroidered white mull frocks over pale pink silk, with wreaths of pink roses in their hair and pink shoes, stockings and gloves. They carried baskets of pink carnations and wore the groom's keepsakes, which were pretty gold brooches, with initials of bride and groom in pearls. Mr. Rennie McMurtry, of Montreal, cousin of the bride, supported the groom, and the ushers were Mr. Hugh Fraser and Mr. Harry Wright, of Ottawa; Mr. Gordon McMurtry, of Bisbee, Arizona, and Mr. Alex McMurtry, of Montreal. During the signing of the register, Miss Margaret Taplin sang most sweetly, "O Perfect Love." A reception followed at Cliffside where, as in the church, flowers abounded everywhere, the bride and groom standing under a large floral bell of pink and white asters to receive the good wishes and congratulations which were showered upon them.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips left on the four o'clock train for Montreal, and will spend the honeymoon in New York and other interesting American cities, returning to spend a few days with the bride's mother before going to their home in Winnipeg. The bride's bouquet which she tossed among the guests as she left, was caught by Miss Gladys Powell. Mrs. Phillips looked especially smart in her going-away costume of black and white shepherd's plaid, the long coat of which opened over a fine linen blouse trimmed with Irish lace, and a very chic hat of scarlet velvet with black wings and cherries, was most becoming to the bride's brunette beauty. A large number of the guests came from Montreal, among them being Mrs. A. W. Ogilvie, the bride's grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. Archie McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Lorn McGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. McMurtry, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Ogilvie, Mrs. James Bell, Miss Alice Ogilvie, Miss Mary Thompson, Miss Ethel Arnton, Mr. Wm. Morrice and Mr. Eric McMurtry. Mrs. James Playfair, of Midland, an aunt of the bride, was also a guest at Cliffside for the event. Seldom has such a handsome array of gifts fallen to the share of a bride as on this occasion, and among them were a cabinet of silver, a chest of fine linen, mahogany furniture for the dining-room, and other handsome pieces, exquisite china sent from England, costly cut glass, antique silver service, and other beautiful articles too numerous to mention. Lady Evelyn Grey sent a very pretty enamel necklet.

*

A couple of similar joyous events are on the tapis for the early part of October, and invitations have been sent out for the marriage of Miss Catherine Louise, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, to Mr. Edwin Brough Force, of Niagara Falls, Ont., which will take place on Wednesday, Oct. 6, at Christ church cathedral; and, also for the marriage of Miss Norah, eldest daughter of Mr. Travers Lewis, K.C., and Mrs. Lewis, to Mr. Thomas Franklyn Ahearn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Ahearn, on Wednesday, Oct. 13, at Grace church. Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, the former whom is the grandfather of the bride-elect, will give a reception at their residence, Elmsleigh, after the last mentioned ceremony.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Sept. 27, 1909.

Bug---A No-Account Dog

(*Continued from page 9.*)

paws and every tooth he had and as much growl as he could drive through a mouthful of fur. It was a grand fight. He fought the Thing the whole length of that passageway and back. And he killed it, killed it dead. It was so dead that you couldn't find a single piece any larger than a silver dollar. Breathless but triumphant, Bug stood over the wreck—as much of the wreck as he could stand over, for it was scattered pretty generally—and waited to see what it would do. It didn't do anything. There wasn't a stir. It was dead, good and dead.

Bug felt the need of further conquests. He resumed his prowling. He went into the front room, where the embers of the grate-fire were smouldering behind a fire-screen. Did his eyes deceive him, or was it another Thing! It was. Was Bug going to continue his victorious career? Rather. Crouching low and snarling with fury, he stole upon the Thing as it lay before the fire, and with a terrible growl sprang on its back as he had done to the other. Fiercely he drove his teeth into its neck. The fur came away in mouthfuls. Bug rolled over the Thing, and did all sorts of fancy "stunts." Sometimes he was on top and sometimes the Thing was. He got "half-nelsons" on it and even "toe-holds." And all the time he tore fur in large wads. Finally he got the Thing on top of the silk sofa, and there he completed the slaughter. It was surprising what a lot of mangled remains there were when he got through. This, however, was partly due to the fact that it was difficult in the fury of conflict to distinguish between the Thing and the sofa. But Bug realized the difference just as soon as he got down to the springs. At last his work was done. The Thing was dead. Bug was naturally tired. The corpse made a nice, soft bed. He fell asleep like a paladin on top of a mountain of the slain.

The next morning bright and early the lady came down.

"Drat that dog, he was growling half the night," she grumbled.

She went to the corner where she had left Bug. No Bug in sight. Then she saw the corpse of the Thing. She picked up a piece before she realized what it was.

"Oh—oh—my sheepskin mat!" she cried.

And then her heart smote her with foreboding. She had a hideous presentment as she slowly stepped into the parlor. But the reality was beyond her worst conjecture. The whole room was filled with bits and shreds of sheepskin, which gradually blended with horsehair in the neighborhood of the sofa, where it rose to a mountain, with Bug on top serene and triumphant.

The poor woman looked at it and gasped. Slowly she sank into a chair, and then as the awful reality forced itself in upon her, she wept.

"My beau-oo-tiful mats," she sobbed, "and my—my new silk—sofa that cost sixty dollars!"

Bug always was sympathetic. He came over with his tail wagging in disinterested friendship. Suddenly her eye lit on him.

"Oh, you—" she screamed, and then while Bug shot out of the room she made for a polished brass shovel which reposed by the grate-fire. It was intended more for ornament than use. But the purpose to which the lady proceeded to put it was scarcely ornamental. The scene that ensued was one over which no true friend of Bug's would care to linger. We won't. We will merely state that a few hours afterwards a weary dog, who had some appearance of being badly moth-eaten, limped painfully up to the porch at Locust Farm. There John found him.

"Well, where in thunder have you been?" he cried. "But I won't rub it in," he added, "for you sure got yours, son."

Next post brought the explanation. The note from the lady was short and pointed—something like the point of a feminine shoe. When he got it John first grew red, and then pale, and then he went into the house and picked up a rifle.

"Hie, Bug!" he called.

Bug came around the corner of the barn. But when he saw the rifle and the expression on his master's face, he crouched and began to crawl towards him very slowly, stopping every few yards. John raised the rifle. Bugg whined pitifully.

"Hell!" said John, "I can't shoot no dog that comes beggin' that way."

He picked up a stone and threw it at Bug. It landed dangerously near. But Bug wouldn't run. His instinct told him something would happen if he turned his back. The next stone hit him. But still he crouched and begged with his eyes. John lifted the gun once or twice, but it was no use. Finally he jerked down the lever and threw the cartridge out.

"You're a low-down, ornery, no-account dog," he said, "an' yet, if she'd a' been a perfect lady, she'd never a' mentioned it. But if ever you kill another sheepskin mat—"

The lady, however, never forgave Bug, not even when she became Mrs. John.

Bell Pianos

Above all things it is the exquisite quality of the tone that has given the Bell Piano its great reputation. This fine tone effect is the outcome of incessant study of tone production for years, with the result that the scale in the Bell Piano is as near perfection as we think it possible to go. The Bell tone is truly magnificent. It is powerful and sweet, and pure and singing.

The construction is carried out along lines that make for exactness. The illimitable, quick-repeating action, the strings and the many various mechanical processes are of the highest possible grade. We have tried to make an instrument that would be worthy of our great reputation, and that we have succeeded in a wonderful way is admitted by all musical experts who examine Bell Pianos.

Bell Pianos are made, guaranteed and built to last a lifetime by the largest makers of pianos in Canada.

"YOU SEE BELL PIANOS ALL OVER THE WORLD."

BELL PIANO WAREROOMS,
146 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
BELL FACTORIES—GUELPH, ONT.
LONDON, ENG.

What is New in Furs

THE LATEST DESIGNS IN THE BEST FUR

What is new in furs--Artistic, stylish, rich furs?

What are the new ideas in Paris and New York?

Dineen's showrooms answer both of these questions. It spreads before its visitors an entire field of new fashions in selected furs of perfect quality.

Dineen should be your guide in purchasing a fur garment. He is the pioneer furrier of Ontario--Fifty years buying direct and making fur garments is the record that backs every purchase.

Excellent creations in Canadian Mink, Hudson Bay Sable, Alaska Seal, Canadian Fox, Persian Lamb, Moire Persian, Chinchilla, Pony Skin, Russian Ermine, and Chinchilla. Positively a superior showing that could be with difficulty duplicated elsewhere.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS

The W. & D. DINEEN Co., Ltd.
140 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Dunlop Comfort Rubber Heels

made of live rubber—give spring and elasticity to the step. Put on by all shoe dealers. 50 cents the pair.

MADE BY

The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company Limited

EATON'S STORE NEWS

In the entire vocabulary of Business the one word most pregnant with meaning is v-a-l-u-e.

Value has many attributes—one of the greatest of which is quality; the **EATON** standard of quality demands, and obtains, the highest degree of excellence in Art and Commerce.

Vast assortments of highest-grade products selected in the great market-places of the world here invite your inspection; beautiful raiment, tapestries and furnishings such as would grace a palace; bewitching articles for personal adornment—these are to be found within the four walls of the **EATON** Store.

With our exceptional purchasing facilities, our Buying Offices in London and Paris, and the constant oceanic crossing and re-crossing of our corps of expert buyers, we are able to offer to our patrons a cosmopolitan spectacle, an authentic outlook over the whole World of Fashion, as exemplified in the various displays throughout the Store.

Uniting, then, these two essentials, quality and fashion, the **EATON** merchandising system is at your service with the best that the world has to offer.

ELEGANCE IN SILKS

For stunning Costumes which demand superior draping qualities, you'll find the display of beautiful silk fabrics in our bright silk section a delight in color scheme and harmony. A selection of over 200 shades, including the daintiest pastels.

Some favor bright finished materials, others lean towards duller finished weaves—both are correct. Many exceedingly handsome Shantung and Serge weaves in the new color effects are shown. A silk fabric of ravishing beauty is the Drape de Venetian in 36-inch width, a weave without a flaw in lovely rich shades of Prussian blue, violet, wistaria, artichoke, sage, brown, pearl, oceanic and others. This fabric drapes and fits the form to perfection. $2.75 per yard.

SALOME SHANTUNGS and Fancy Striped Taffetas are two lines much admired. Novelty Rough Shantungs, Ottoman Cords and Moires are the vogue for Coats and Cloaks. Main Floor, Yonge St.

Our $6 Pure Silk Hat : :

There's a difference in Silk Hats, though this difference is not always discerned at first sight. It will prove out, however, in the wear, or in the first rain, if the "silk" hat is much of it cotton. But this $6.00 hat is *pure silk* and of a very good quality. It is made by one of the best English firms in the business—made expressly for **EATON'S**—and made the best way a silk hat can be made, especially noticeable being its fine points of finish, with a bright glossy surface outside and white satin finish inside. In shape it is the latest American block; crown slightly belled; brim medium roll. A Silk Hat that will satisfy any man in the wear it will give.

NEW FALL DERBY

is by Crofut & Knapp, made and designed specially for **EATON'S.** It is a "Knapp-felt"—a "quality" hat in every particular. A new but not extreme style. Price... **$5.00**
Main Floor, Queen St.

Our Second Formal Millinery Exposition takes place Monday

A Millinery Event that exemplifies the assured Fashions for Fall and Winter, 1909-10.

Paris evolves the millinery styles that **EATON** designers adapt, and Toronto women wear, so that the decree of Paris is what fashionable women most wish to learn. Not only do our buyers and designers journey across the ocean for authoritative information, but in our Paris buying office we've a permanent outlook, keen to every style innovation educed among the fashion arbiters. Even then our decision on the accepted styles was not reached till the completion of trips to London, New York and Chicago. Therefore in this Exposition are established fashions, many produced and accepted but very recently. No period predominates—rather, wherever art could glean a beautiful suggestion has been found an inspiration, such as the picturesque headgear of Henri de Navarre, Charles VII and Henry VIII, and strange to say, in these it's the men's styles we see reproduced—not the women's.

The beaver and velvet combination has taken Paris by storm and its influence is reflected in many beautiful beavers we show. The "Tricorne," a jaunty, smart Napoleonic shape, is most noticeable. This is worn with the point slightly to the right; the reign of osprey trimming is emphasized by this style. Smaller women, to whom such a style gives an appearance of tallness, will note with pleasure the favor with which the "Tricorne" and osprey is received.

The vogue for ospreys is particularly pronounced. One specially beautiful hat is of silky white Fox fur, with an immense quivering osprey of truly regal beauty.

The Fur Hats will have many admirers—unique achievements in Russian Pony furs are seen—unusual in millinery conceptions. Some of the larger beaver styles have decided roll at back and coque feathers that used to be seen chiefly on tailored styles are now used in large soft clusters, giving a "Paradise" effect.

The matron to whom the large hat is impossible has not been forgotten. Some of the most beautiful effects in the display are amongst these clever turbans. One lovely black tricorne has soft willow plume set in large jet claw and drooping back, a moire covered shape with scalloped velvet edge.

At your service are our large staff of salespeople and our individual "trying on" apartments.
We extend to you a cordial invitation to be present Monday.
Second Floor, Yonge St.

We Offer Our Assistance In the Choice of . . . Gifts for the October Bride

A practical, yet beautiful, gift for an Autumn bride may be selected from our elaborate range of China and Cut Glass on view in the Basement show rooms.

We emphasize particularly a beautiful Dinner Set of Limoges, 107 pieces in all. This dinnerware is attractively modeled, and finished with a clean, smooth surface. Its beauty is enhanced by a delicate decoration of small medallions comprised of pink rosebuds. Per set, $100.00. Basement.

IN STERLING SILVERWARE

Queen Anne Pattern, for people who prefer antique to the more modern designs. Three pieces, consisting of tea pot, cream and sugar, in beautiful fluted design. Tea pot has ebony handle and tip, cream and sugar heavily gold lined. Three pieces for **$35.00.**

The Victorian, a plain fluted design. Tea pot with ebony handle and tip, set on finely polished feet. **Three pieces for $40.00.**

STERLING COFFEE SETS. Dainty floral design, elaborately embossed. Coffee pot, cream and sugar, heavily gold lined. **Three pieces for $25.00.**

Set in Belleek China, with heavy deposit of sterling in very neat design. **Three pieces for $15.00.**
Main Floor, Yonge St.

RELIABILITY AND QUALITY IN FURS OF THE HIGHEST ORDER

Our Fur Section shows as beautiful and distinctive Fur Styles as long experience in highgrade designing and fur manufacture can produce—and the authentic knowledge gained through our continuous contact with foremost style originators of the large centres, aids materially in producing fur designs that harmonize with the prevailing dress modes.

Furs of rare beauty and exclusiveness are here awaiting selection by those to whom Quality and Distinctiveness is the most important consideration. Furs of such rare beauty as Russian Sable, Hudson Bay Sable, Russian Ermine of the choicest quality, genuine Arctic Fox, real Pointed Fox, so popular, and very fine Fisher furs, as well as rare qualities in Canadian Mink, Persian Lamb, etc.

See that exquisite Russian Sable Set at $1,400.00. We specialize three beautiful samples of the many handsome, elegant designs, you'll see in our well lighted Fur Section, to which we extend to you an invitation to visit.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKET, tailored from the finest lamb skins possible for us to procure. Large, beautiful, glossy, even curl, semi-fitting back and box front, long lapels as pictured above, trimmed with silk corded buttons. This garment is **EATON** designed and is a beautiful example of high-grade fur manufacturing. Full length, 40 inches.

THE HANDSOME HUDSON SEAL JACKET illustrated is tailored from French dyed pelts, only the most carefully selected pelts being admitted in these high-grade garments. Large collar, first quality Alaska Sable, with Sable down fronts and around bottom of skirt as pictured. This is one of the latest creations in Paris. Length, 52 inches. Beautiful brocade lining.
Second Floor, Yonge St. North.

A regal looking fur piece of most artistic design, elegant CANADIAN MINK AND ERMINE STOLE, as pictured above, is the output of our own fur artists and tailors. Has the broad shoulder effect and long stole fronts and very long tab back, with Muff to match.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED